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Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2407 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 9 1946

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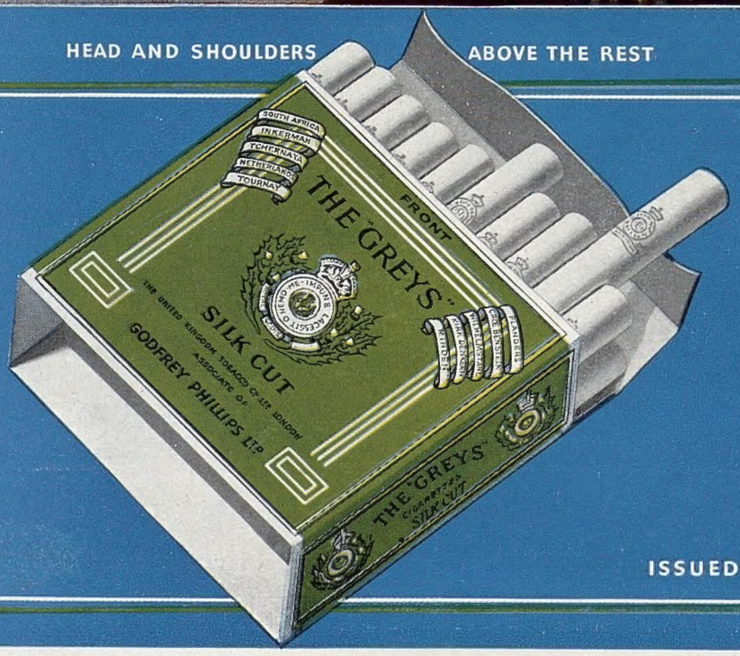

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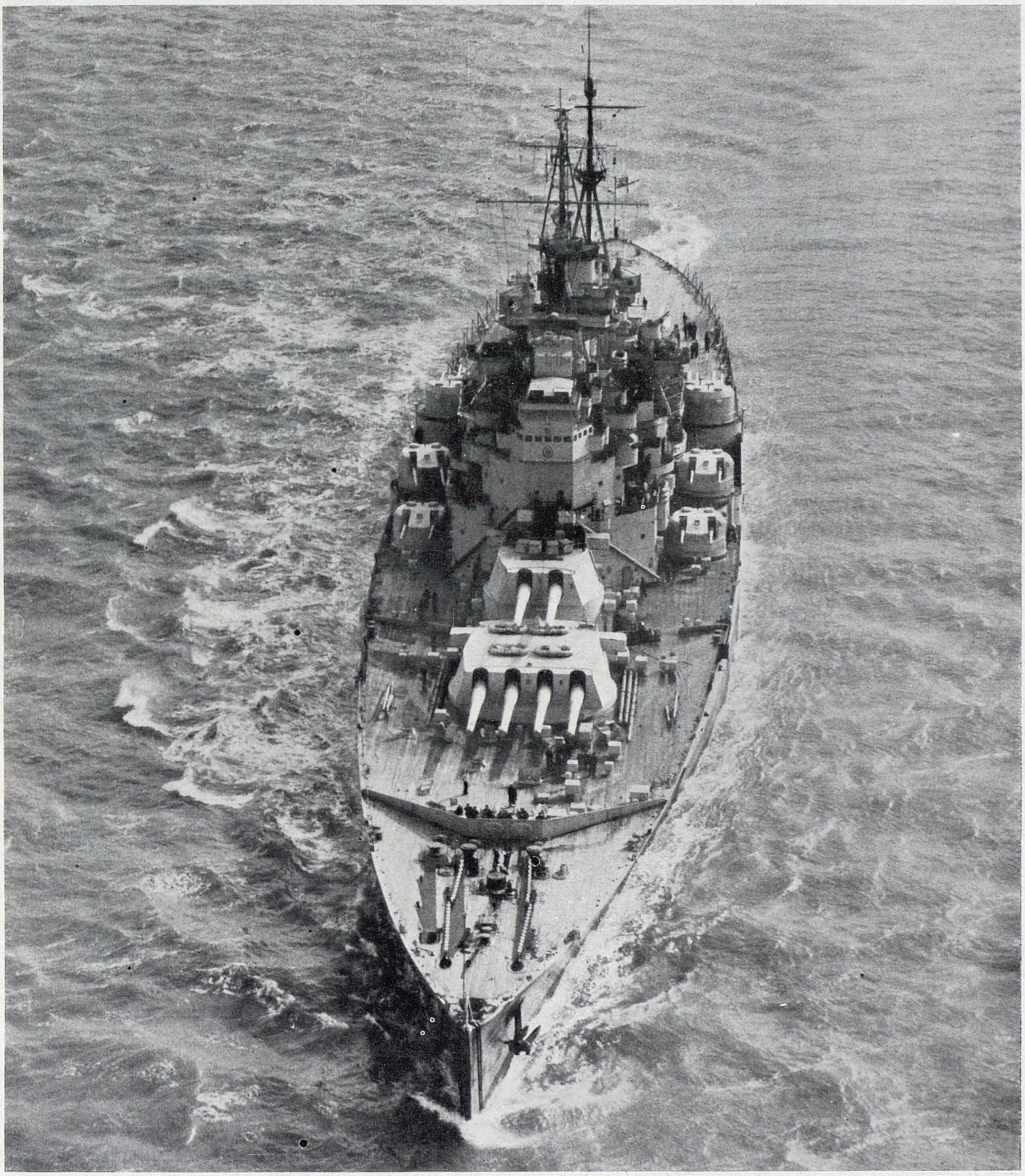

H.M.S. KING GEORGE V RETURNS TO PORTSMOUTH — THE 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP APPROACHING HER HOME PORT AFTER WAR SERVICE IN THE FAR EAST: Since commissioning she has steamed the equivalent of eight times round the world

H.M.S. *King George V*, bringing with her fifty-three tons of food and clothing for children as a gift from Australia, was given a great public reception when she arrived at Portsmouth last Saturday after sixteen months spent in the Pacific. The *King George V*, which is to become flagship of the Home Fleet on April 9, has had a truly brilliant war record and, since she was first commissioned, has steamed on war service a distance equal to eight times round the world. Perhaps her greatest feat was in May 1941, when she took part in the chase and sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck*, thus avenging the loss of the *Hood*. She joined the Eastern Fleet in 1944, and in the following January supported the carrier-borne attack on Sumatra, delivering a heavy blow against Japanese oil supplies. Later, the *King George V* supported the Okinawa invasion, and in the final blows against Japan she flung nearly one thousand 14-in. shells at the Japanese mainland, operating within a few miles of the coast of Honshu. Fittingly enough, she was in at the kill, steaming into Tokyo Bay immediately after the Japanese surrender. Members of her crew took part in the subsequent landing operations and provided a guard at the British Embassy, Tokyo

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

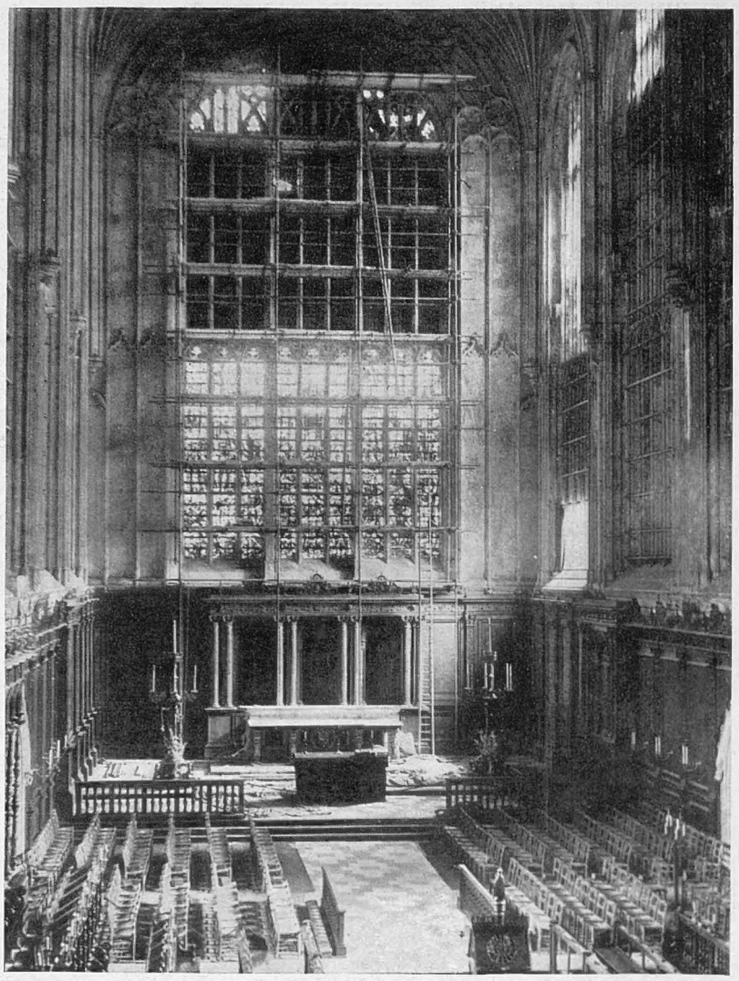
Senseless Losses.—In the past weeks, all over the world, hundreds of lives and hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of valuable property have been lost through riots and mutinies. No doubt at all, agitators, agents of unfriendly Powers and the evil effects of deliberate propaganda have been the prime movers in most of these disorders. It would not be too sweeping a generalisation, or too concise a simplification, to lay the chief blame on the present "dangerous age" of education. Men who have acquired a facility for reading without reasoning, men who, in a still lower stage, restrict their reading to large print and headlines, are the easy prey of propagandists and the first to be persuaded by Rumour. But (and it is far more serious) the recent outbreaks in the Near and Far East throw an ugly light on the first-fruits of higher education. University students have supplied the impetus and personnel for a majority of these disturbances, and day after day we have seen in Press photographs deplorable evidence of youths pursuing the higher forms of education behaving like senseless baboons, chattering and gibbering, destroying property, throwing missiles, running this way and that, now bold, now timorous, the creatures of mob-law, the irrational agents of false rumour-mongers and agitators. It is fair to assume that their own Governments or other established authorities are recruited from a still higher educational grade and, if it be so, the proved inability of these authorities to control the students, throws a still uglier light on the virtues of higher education at its present stage in all too many lands.

A Second-class Power ?—More and more, the ugly phrase creeps in in the discourses of orators and lecturers of the British people: "Is Britain becoming a second-class power?" And those who affect to put it up as a mere Aunt Sally, to be knocked down by faint praise and apology and explanation, are the worst offenders, because they are *insidious*. We understand "enemy propagandists" and ought now to be able to counter them. We may be "pained" that "enemy propaganda" is the peace-offering of trusted friends who fought by our side in the war against a declared and common enemy, but we may perhaps comfort ourselves with the reflection that this wave of mud-slinging at British Imperialism probably does not represent united effort by our two great Allies. In one case, it is sniping by powerful elements in America and not Government policy, in the other, it may well be temporary Government policy, not backed by the common people. In each case, we had last year an efficient organisation for countering such propaganda and we ought to be able still to deal with such open efforts to undermine us. The enemy in our midst is another thing. I always suspect such Aunt Sallies. Sure it is that if we listen long enough to suggestion that we have fallen to second-class rank, we shall acquire an inferiority complex. What's the truth of it? The virility of our race stood only yesterday second to none. It stood alone for a year, and in the front rank for six years. Less than any nation I can name, we have in these years of expediency compromised our honour, broken our word or ground a private axe.

A "Second-class" Democracy.—We stand to-day in civilisation as the "Honest Fool," Wagnerian. We sold our bed and pulled the roof down over our head to keep Liberty and Justice and Decency alive. It is not in my view, that we are a second-class power or race. Our trouble is that we are definitely a "second-class" democracy. We never let that damned word alone, and every reference to it in the speeches of Ministers raises fair suspicions of our sincerity. We always stress our trusteeship over distant parts of the world, and never mention the rival claims of our commercial or military interests and needs. At home, we contradict every definition of the silly word by a thousand evidences that, still as of old, we cling to many a feature of capitalism and of the age of privilege. But we are still a great nation. We have the men for all key-posts, if we will but select them on merit alone. And never before was merit in key-posts so essential. We have a *man* at the Foreign Office, and the last months have revealed how tremendously his actions alone have raised or maintained our prestige in the international field. Old Jacky Fisher was an obstinate salt-horse, but he was very much an Englishman with a salt-horse-sense. There is much still to admire in his famous saw: "Never explain; never apologise." Let us talk less and work more. And when we must talk, let us resist sermonising.

Fascism Dies Hard.—It was, a year ago, a reasonable assumption that the fall of the two master-dictators, Hitler and Mussolini, would overturn their lesser imitators, and that in the irretrievable ruin of their regimes, the ideology which built them and bolstered them up would go out of fashion all the world over. It has not worked out that way. At the moment of writing, several dictators of that breed or ideology still retain, or hope to secure, dictatorial powers. Fascism as an ideology is far from dead. It is not dead in Germany. In Spain, Franco has had his ups and downs, and at the moment he is regaining confidence. The democratic nations, unable to decide on how to treat him, blow hot and cold, threaten and draw back. Democracy has all too many definitions. Fascism is more simple and comprehensible. In Argentina, Colonel Péron is a strong candidate in these first elections in the Republic following eight years of experience of the awful effects on civilisation of unbridled Fascism. Democracy seems to lie between the upper and the nether millstones of Fascism and of Communism, and a very thin and shadowy substance it often looks. But there is nothing vague or shadowy about the millstones.

Pull Together—You and I, who are not members of "the best social club in Europe" (the House of Commons) or that other International Sports Club (U.N.O.), are often deceived by what seems to us an atmosphere of bitter hatred and recrimination which invests some of the deliberations of these assemblies. We do not see the bitter disputants standing each other drinks or slapping each other's backs in the other Bar, off. Accordingly, when we read Mr. Attlee's call to "unity for prosperity," we sometimes wonder whether some of his colleagues might not do rather more in the House to induce an atmosphere of conciliation. Mr. Attlee gives them a lead. Mr. Bevin usually follows it. Not so often do Messrs. Morrison and Bevan, and the Minister of Labour is sometimes an unrepentant merchant of hard words. If ever there was a time for good manners and conciliation in the House, it is now, when the call to co-operate and to pull together is so urgent. Every effort should be made to answer fully and fairly the criticisms of the Opposition, even if some of them are "draws" or tactics. Burking, guillotining and closure on debate should be avoided by all possible and reasonable means; and truculence as a Government weapon should be outlawed. The point was fairly put as regards Ministerial truculence outside the House also. It is not the way to woo employers in a great drive towards increased production—to brand them sweepingly as incompetents or bosses, and then to urge them to pull together with their traducers.



RESTORING THE GLORY OF CAMBRIDGE: Scaffolding erected over the celebrated East window of King's College Chapel during the work of replacing the priceless sixteenth-century stained glass which was removed to a place of safety during the war. The windows were executed in 1515-31, and represent the Life of the Virgin and the Life of Christ. It is somewhat of a mystery how they survived the storms of the Cromwellian era, as the story that they were removed to safety is now regarded as false. One historian has suggested that John Milton used his influence with Cromwell to have the windows spared. The chapel, which was built between 1446 and 1515, has one of the finest interiors in England

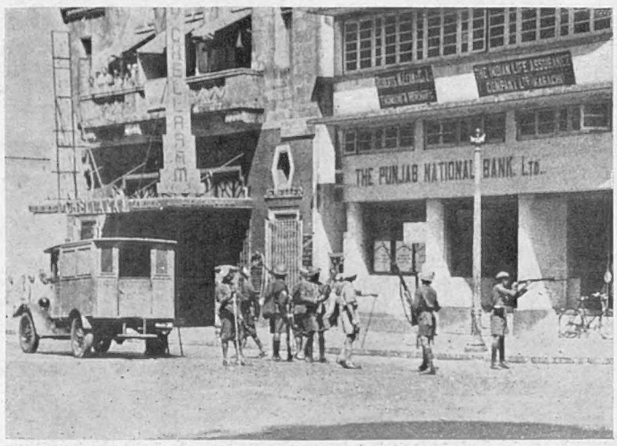
REPLACING THE GLORIOUS KING'S COLLEGE PANELS: Holding one of the gems of sixteenth-century stained glass which are now being put back in the East window of the Chapel after being taken to a place of safety during the war years

The Lubricant of Moderation.—Indeed, there never was such an urgent need of good manners, of good humour and of decency, breadth and restraint, as to-day. Good manners are the lubricant of our economic machine, which is rusty and still only just ticking-over. Of course, inside the House they understand these tactics and take them in better part than you and I can suppose. But the harried employer, fettered by Bureaucracy and sniped at by partisan Ministers, does not breathe this milder air. He resents the mud which is slung at him and sees in the debates in Parliament little sign at the top of conciliation and co-operation. If only political protagonists in their public utterances could learn the wisdom of moderation in stating their cases, could appreciate that an impartial presentation of a case—with justice to the other side—helps, not hinders, their cause. The Conservative leader of the L.C.C., when he broadcast his election address to the London rate-payers, ruined his case by overstating it and by a total lack of generosity and justice to his opponents. He lost the ear of his audience by overstatement. Some of Mr. Attlee's team might learn from that example.

March Merryweather.—A warm spell in February is sent to try us good, easy folk. We are always deceived by it. With Edward Fitzgerald we jump up like mad and away to the meadows. Then comes March and real winter, and that chilling frost which browns the peaches, lays the early beans flat and knocks out the mimosa and lays low the crocuses. I find myself caught bending. I threw in my last reserves three weeks back. Wood: a week's supply. Coal fuel (so called): four days' supply of dust and slack. Drive: ice-bound and impassable for all transport. Three vital engines—for pumping water, making electricity and driving a car—requiring some form of anti-frost protection. Some frozen pipes. A streaming cold, a hacking cough. O to be in England now that Spring is almost here! And only a few days ago I was watching the birds building their nests and the sulphur butterflies fluttering by, and listening to the hum of bees and the song of thrushes! Austerity piled on austerity. But, of course, there's a good time coming, just round the corner; and, I trust, more substantially based than those expectations raised by statistical returns of our reviving export trade given in terms of *money* and not in terms of weight or number. Could any form of statistics be more misleading to the unthinking?

THE OLD STAGER

HOOLIGANISM IN BOMBAY—SMOKE ISSUING FROM THE POST OFFICE BUILDING IN GUN BOW STREET AFTER IT HAD BEEN SET ON FIRE BY THE MOB : An example of wanton destruction during the recent riots, which took place in the city immediately after the Indian naval mutiny. Casualties in Bombay amounted to 210 killed and 1,017 injured, the riots being by far the worst that have occurred in Bombay's history. Strong military, naval and air units were rushed to the city to deal with the situation



BOMBAY POLICE ARE COMPELLED TO OPEN FIRE : Dealing with rioters who had barricaded themselves in a bank building. A hooligan youth element was largely responsible for the trouble

CAIRO AND BOMBAY

Scenes During the Recent Riots

These pictures of the recent riots in Bombay and Cairo are the first to arrive by surface mail, and further amplify the radio pictures which appeared in THE SPHERE of March 2. The Cairo rioting produced nothing like the same loss of life as that in Bombay, but in both cases British troops had to open fire on the mobs

CAIRO STUDENTS AT THE BRITISH BARRACKS : Egyptian youths circulating outside the building and shouting anti-British slogans ; a prelude to riotous scenes and incendiarism in the city

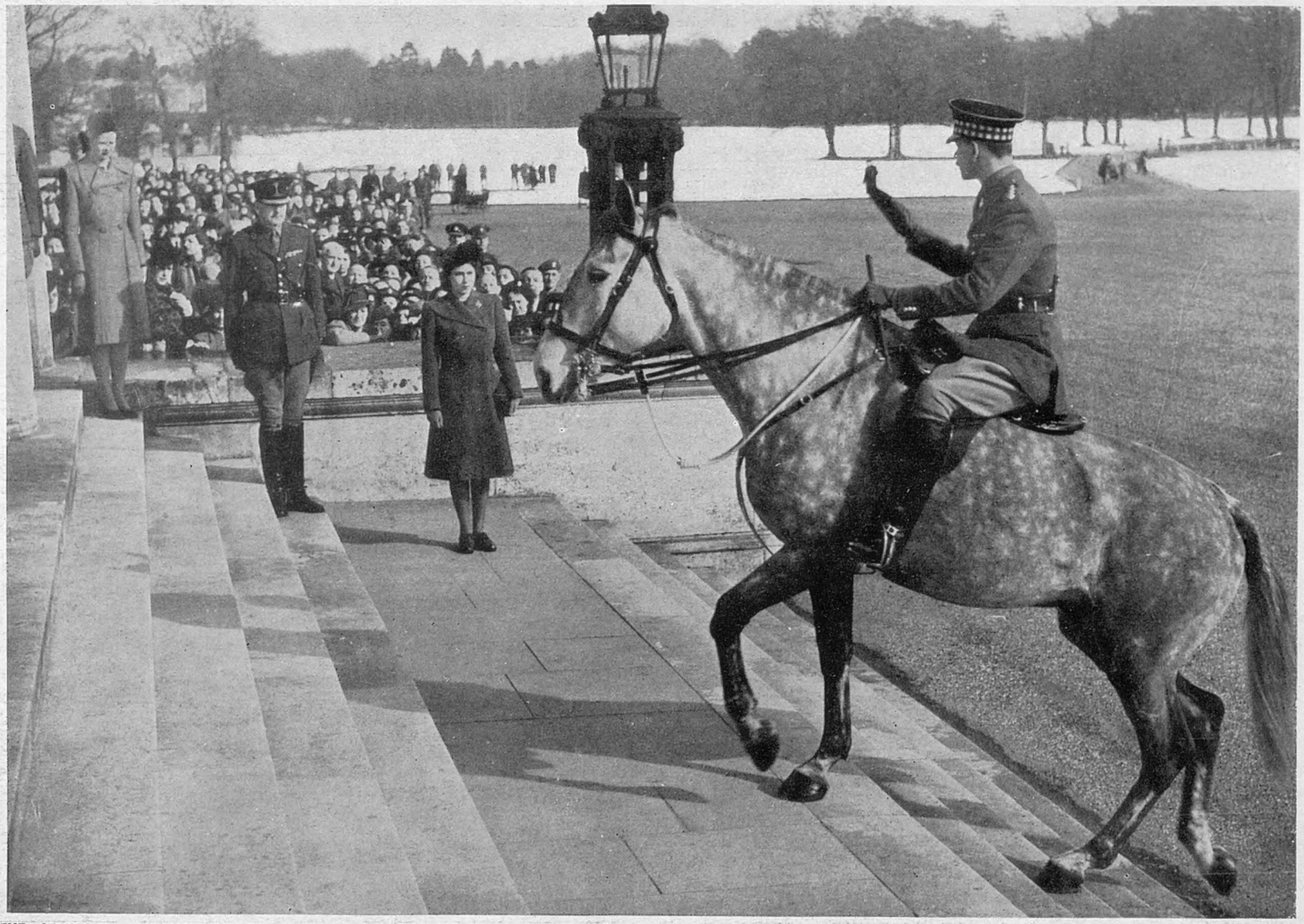
EGYPTIAN TROOPS CORDON OFF A CAIRO STREET : A show of force to prevent further rioting in the city ; an outbreak that coincided with the general strike which took place throughout Egypt in protest against the presence of British troops in the country. Demonstrators burned Army lorries and Army huts, and also set fire to the British Victory Club and the Lady Tedder Club. Except for some incidents in the Delta towns, the rest of Egypt remained calm

PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTS THE COLOUR PARTY: Her Royal Highness with the cadets of 161 O.C.T.U. at their passing-out parade last week at the Royal Military College, when she took the salute and presented belts of honour to the winning cadets. Most of these Sandhurst cadets will in due course seek Regular Army commissions, and nearly all go to the regiments of their choice

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT A SANDHURST PARADE

Her Royal Highness Sees One Hundred and Eleven Cadets Pass Out as 2nd Lieutenants

The Royal Military College, Sandhurst, is not as yet its peace-time self, but there was much of the pageantry of pre-war days when Princess Elizabeth attended the passing-out parade on Thursday, February 28. Her Royal Highness took the salute at the march-past of the company of 111 cadets, and saw the rest of the battalion present arms to the passing-out company. She also conferred buckled belts of honour on two outstanding cadets of the course, J. F. G. Hayes and A. L. Price. Most of the 111 new officers at this O.C.T.U. are planning to take regular commissions; but before these are granted they will probably have to go through another War Office Selection Board in order to determine their suitability for permanent life in the Army. Nearly all the men are posted to the regiments of their choice, and a large proportion will in due course be serving with the occupation forces on the Rhine, in Austria, and in the Far East



THE ADJUTANT FOLLOWS THE OLD SANDHURST TRADITION: The Earl of Cathcart, watched by Princess Elizabeth, rides his horse up the steps of the grand entrance and through the College doors following the passing-out parade at 161 O.C.T.U., Sandhurst. Preceding the Adjutant, and marching in slow time, was the company of cadets which had just been passed out

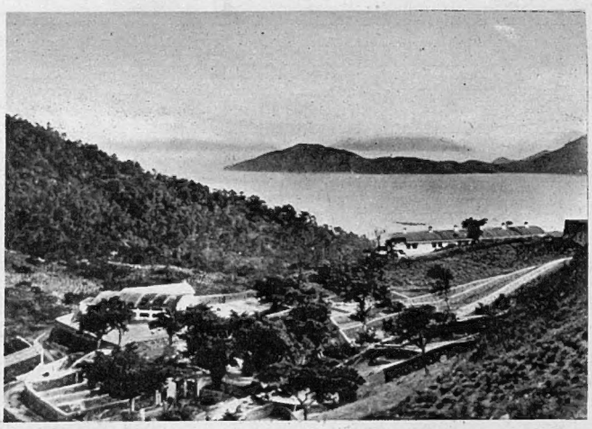
THIRD TIME LUCKY—THE CREW OF THE LONELY WOLF LIGHTHOUSE IS RELIEVED AFTER BEING ELEVEN DAYS OVERDUE: This was the dramatic scene as a lifeboat from the Trinity House vessel "Georges de Joly," after two unsuccessful attempts, at length came alongside the Wolf. The light-house-keepers, one of whom was believed to be suffering from appendicitis, were taken off, and a fresh crew was sent across, together with essential food and stores. The lighthouse lies between Land's End and the Scillies, on the main coastwise shipping route

THE WOLF LIGHTHOUSE RELIEVED

The Third, and Successful Attempt to Replace the Crew

Relieving the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, that lonely sentinel between Land's End and the Scillies, is often a tricky business in the winter months, as it is one of the least-approachable of all our lighthouses. The Trinity House vessel *Georges de Joly* has just made three visits to the Wolf Rock in eleven days, and it was only on the last occasion, when the keepers were running short of fresh rations and one was thought to be suffering from appendicitis, that the relief was effected. Even then it was a perilous business and, with high winds sweeping across the base of the tower, the men were hard put to it to keep their feet as they effected the exchange of stores and afterwards negotiated the ropeway. The Wolf, in common with all other lighthouses, keeps a plentiful supply of iron rations

THE RELIEF OF THE WOLF VIEWED FROM AN ATTENDANT PLANE: Two overhead views of the rescue of the crew, which was achieved last week by anchoring a motor-boat between the lighthouse and the Trinity House vessel "Georges de Joly" and passing men and stores down the ropeways. In the picture on the left a kitbag is seen being lowered down the face of the lighthouse, and the lighthouse-keepers, wearing life-belts, are standing by to negotiate the rope

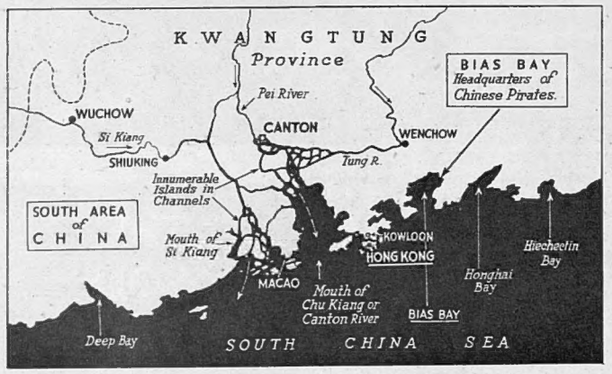


THE HOME OF THE SEA-WOLVES: The view towards Bias Bay as seen from the island of Hong Kong

THE PIRATES OF BIAS BAY

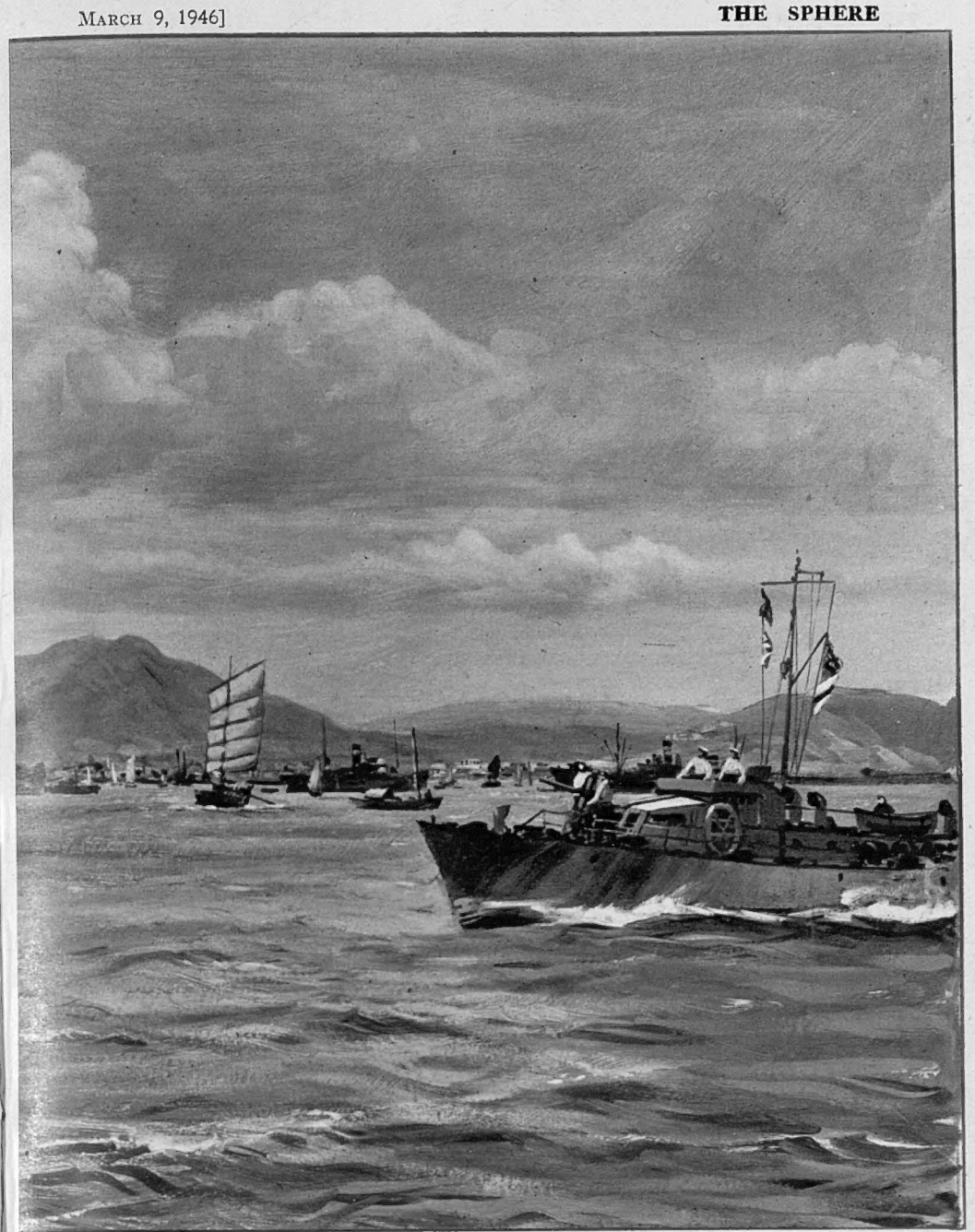
Where the Chinese Buccaneers Have Returned to the Waters Around Hong Kong Harbour

—Special Sphere Drawings



THE CHINESE COAST THREATENED BY THE NEW ACTIVITIES OF THE BIAS BAY PIRATES: The lair of the pirates lies to the east of Hong Kong and Macao: it is a network of bays and creeks in which they easily conceal their speedy piratical junks

IN HONG KONG HARBOUR, WHERE—DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF BRITISH NAVAL CRAFT IN WHICH THEY HAVE NOW EQUIPPED WITH JAPANESE GUNS: The vessel in the left foreground is

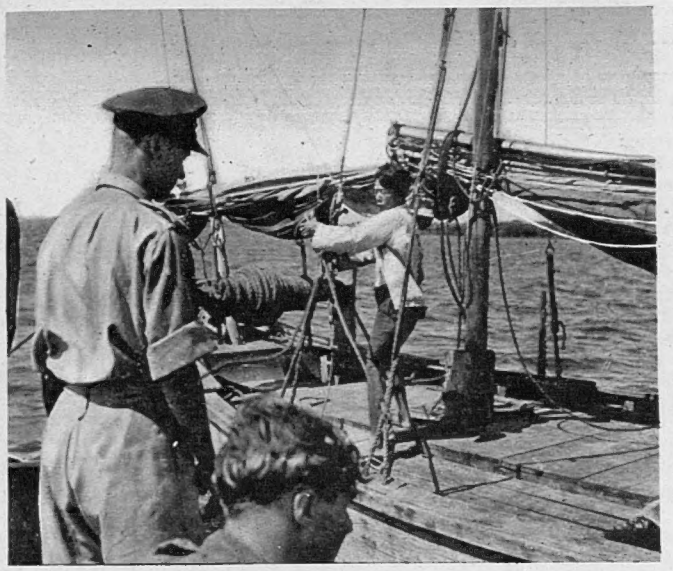


CONSIDERABLE STRENGTH—THE PIRATES HAVE ACTUALLY ENTERED IN THEIR ARMOURED JUNKS under suspicion, and the naval patrol craft on the right (armed with depth-charges and guns) is coming up to carry out a search—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Once again the pirates of Bias Bay have come into the news from the Far East. According to information from Hong Kong, the naval and port authorities have recently been carrying out operations against the junks which, with Japanese armament, are making territorial waters increasingly unsafe for any but reasonably well-armed shipping. The pirates have even entered Hong Kong Harbour in their armoured junks: and at Macao they have held up the ferry from Macao to Hong Kong at the point of a machine-gun, and stripped and robbed over 100 passengers, almost within sight of their homes.

British Commandos are reinforcing the understaffed water police, and the Navy is using submarines, assault and landing-craft, Fairmile launches, and even large vessels, to fight the scourge. The pirates' favourite lair is still the notorious Bias Bay area. Their junks are heavily armed and highly powered, with armour plating beneath their innocent-looking exteriors. Pirate scouts placed in trading posts know what cargoes are worth looting, and their look-outs, posted on the ridgetops of coastal ranges, know when the naval escorts leave their charges. With reinforcements expected from Shanghai, however, it is hoped to stamp out this large-scale piracy, at least in British waters

IN MALAYA, TOO, CHINESE PIRATES HAVE BEEN ACTIVE: From the deck of the Customs boat "Peggy," at Port Swettenham, one of the crew and an officer watch a suspect junk warily



A CHINESE ON BOARD THE JUNK catches the rope from the Customs boat as it draws alongside: Operating along many miles of pirate and smuggler-infested Malayan coastline are vessels of R.A.S.C. Water Transport Companies. Under the Japanese regime, smuggling and piracy went unchecked, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of drugs entered the country from nearby Java, Sumatra and Siam. Men of the R.A.S.C. patrolling the Klang Straits have now practically cleaned up this area, and smugglers need all their craft and cunning to get through so much as an ounce of opium under the vigilant eyes of the Customs and Excise officials, who are working in conjunction with the R.A.S.C. personnel

***On left*—THE NEW TYPE OF FAST VESSEL EMPLOYED BY THE BIAS BAY PIRATES IN THEIR RAIDS ON SHIPS LEAVING HONG KONG ANCHORAGES: These junks were built during the war for operations against the Japanese: they have a clean-cut bow, and their sailing speed has been increased by motor power**—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

***On right*—AN ARMOURED JUNK ATTACKS A SMALL MERCHANTMAN IN HONG KONG WATERS: Unarmed and defenceless against the modernised pirate junk, small ships around the Bias Bay area have recently been attacked in this manner by the fearless sea-wolves emerging from their well-hidden lairs**—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

SPYING GETS OFF TO A FRESH START

The Soviet Probing for Atom-Bomb Secrets Indicates a New Trend in World Intelligence Activities

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HOW far away and long ago does it seem since Mata Hari released carrier-pigeons from her corsage on the sidewalks of Madrid! The lady did no such thing, but permit the flight all the same for purposes of comparison. Spying was then a quiet affair of individuals. If apprehended in wartime, these were either patriots or money-makers, and in either case were soon forgotten. If arrested in time of peace, the Governments they had worked for behaved as if they knew nothing whatever about them. This was considered much the wisest course, having regard to the desirability of not placing avoidable stresses on international relationships.

Even so, it was not always possible to avoid such strains, for there was something different—in the public eye—about spying in peacetime. Wartime espionage was quite another kettle of fish. But foreigners coming during peace to ferret out your secrets . . . why, it gave one a feeling as of burglars moving stealthily about one's bedroom in the dark! And that gave rise to scares beautifully worked up by the newspapers and subsequently kept alive by authors in the easy market of the spy-thriller. Those in the fifties (in their dotage, according to the idolisers of youth) will recall the animosity and indignation aroused by one of the Kaiser's spies before World War I—a Karl Graves. Also how we thrilled to Brandon and Stewart about the same time for doing the same thing as Graves.

Still, the conduct of espionage was by tacit consent kept as gentlemanly as possible; which meant officially piping-down about it as a regrettable measure closely allied to the first law in nature and therefore ineradicable in civilised societies. It had been going on ever since Rahab, and merely underwent change from time to time. For example, Stieber's "Green House" in Paris in the days leading to the Franco-Prussian War, that mansion of frailty into which Frenchmen were inveigled and then held by threats of exposure, bore no relationship to the Vickers trial in Moscow sixty years later. That trial, I imagine, marked a milestone in espionage. There was something so fiercely national and protective about it.

Another notch was nicked soon after, when the Nazis got going with their "every German is an agent of his country" teaching. In particular, the younger Germans were primed to send home reports of everything pertinent that they saw and heard. But this spying thoroughness overdid itself. Undoubtedly useful information was received gratis, but on the other hand, the Nazi Intelligence Services at home were inundated by such masses of reports, pictures and data that they failed to see the wood for the trees and misjudged in various directions.

There are probably many who think we are in for the same kind of thing now with the Communists who are all around, in every country, and far better placed than ever were the ubiquitous Germans of Hitler, for their being nationals of the several and many countries on which they might be called to report. I can't help thinking the Communists are much too intelligently founded and organised to encourage any such general and random amateur spying, and that it is more likely they will leave espionage, under its accepted current heads — military, scientific, industrial, political and commercial — in the hands of the qualified few operating in faithful adhesion to Soviet ideology.

You see it already in Canada and admitted, at that, by Russia herself: "Individual collaborators of the Soviet military attaché obtained from Canadians of their acquaintance information," etc.

There 's quite novelty enough, as it is, without our "seeing things under the bed," as some Americans prefer to have it. It is hardly overdrawing matters to say that spying has taken off to a new start, and among the reasons I adduce are the following:

The first-class rumpus which, against all precedent, appeared to be deliberately sought. The almost glad alacrity with which the spying Government admitted what it had been doing was something entirely new in espionage, as was the way in which the Government of the nation spied upon rushed in to accuse a specific foreign Government. There have been worked-up spy cases before, contrived so as to influence domestic and even international opinion, but none that I know of in which both sides worked up a situation simultaneously and with such zeal. If espionage heat has long been a barometer of impending trouble between specific nations, then is the Arctic prospect indeed dark. But, fortunately, there are elements that reduce the temperature by their comicality. Such as the Russian attitude of "I spy—and say so!" How famous spy-masters of the past would rub their foreheads at Russia's "I didn't pull off what I wanted. . . . I already knew what I picked up . . . so let 's forget about it!"

Another novelty was the manner in which leading statesmen were at once drawn in—even chiefs of State. Truman, Mackenzie King, Byrnes, Bevin, Stalin, Molotov were involved not by Press theories, but by mention in official quarters such as Congress and over Moscow Radio. For this is also the first major spy case to be treated over the air, a departure largely responsible for the burst of strident publicity, which may be a bad or a good thing. We shall see.

Again, spy rings may be nothing new, but the immediate arrest of thirteen, including two women, the far-flung hunt for more, and the four tons of most secret information swiftly piled up in connection with the case, indicate the ramifications we may expect in future, as the firm American suspicion that officials betrayed their trust suggests the type of spy who is now most sought. In eclipse, the beautiful blonde and the cosmopolitan high-liver out for ego or self-indulgence or both. Star helpers that are now wanted must be on the cool inside: Government officials and members of the forces open to bribery by secret agents operating from ideological motives, or else responsive without having to be bribed.

Then there is the devastating background of atomic warfare and of secrets withheld, surpassing the wildest dreams of all the spies that ever lived—for, after all, one can't go much further than the potential means of destroying the universe. Beside that, even "the enigma of Russia" is puny. Still, this is closely involved too. Did Russia go after this information from genuine suspicion of the other Big Two? Or did she seek these secrets in order to strengthen herself for a bid for world domination through international Communism?

There is a possible third explanation. The whole business started with a *Russian* member of the Soviet Embassy staff in Ottawa volunteering a confession. Now, there 's always ground for suspecting queer tricks when Russians confess, and it is possible that this bird in Ottawa did so as the opening step in an unfolding plan to reinforce world opinion in favour of sharing the atom bomb with the U.S.S.R., by making the bomb the centre of a resounding spy scare fraught with peril to continuing peace. In effect, influential people have since been declaring: "There you are! It 's simply asking for trouble, trying to keep the bomb from Russia." And among their number are those who hold that Russia is entirely within her rights in spying all she can in order to get the secret.

Mr. Joe ("Mission from Moscow") Davis still carries weight after his ambassadorship to the Soviet Union, and here is how he views it: "Russia, in self-defence, has every moral right to seek atom-bomb secrets through military espionage, if excluded from such information by her former fighting Allies. It is also treating the Russians like infants. Russia's scientists will acquire the means to atomic warfare within two years. We cannot have it both ways. Either we obtain full confidence or the present chronic mistrust will produce a gigantic armaments race in factories and laboratories, resulting in totally destructive war."

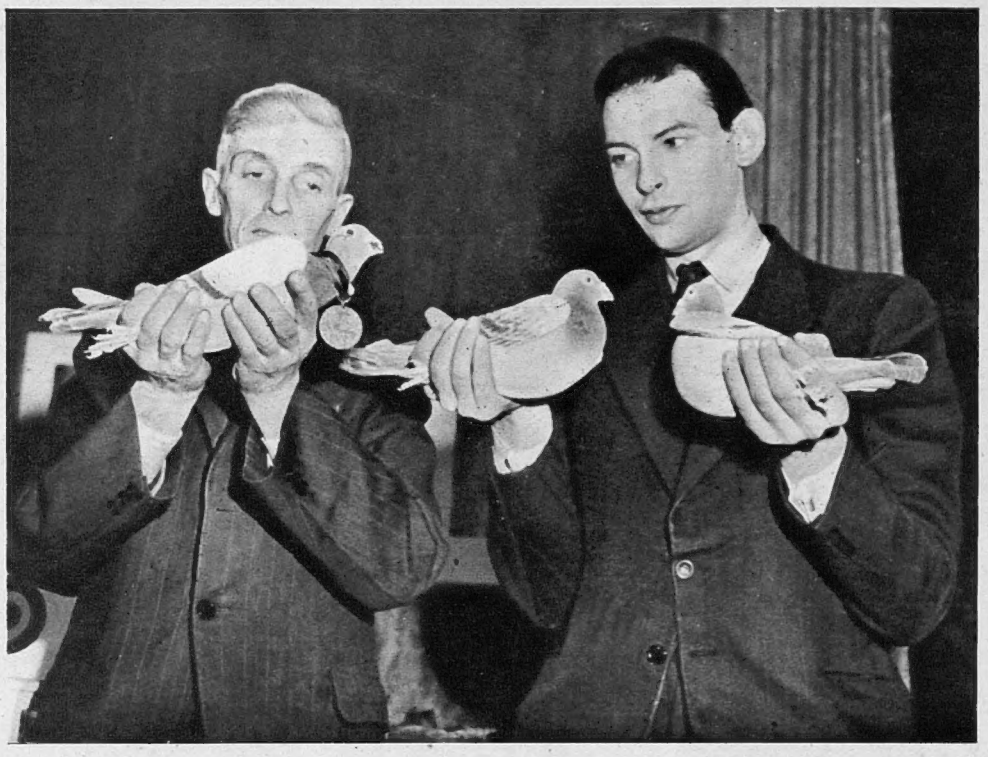
Of course, there is the counter-argument: "But can we trust Russia and Communism at the present stage, with things as they are? They might blow us to bits in a night! How about that risk?"

You take your choice. But I cannot for the life of me see why any of us should cry "stinking fish" because the Russians have been caught at a job we all do according to our means and needs, or try to do. Only the other day it was announced from Washington that President Truman had authorised a new world-wide amalgamation of all the foreign intelligence activities of the U.S. Government. There will henceforth be a central intelligence group in Washington, composed of the Secretary of State and the Secretaries of the War and Navy Departments, with a director appointed by the President. Like everything else these days, America's unseen observation of foreign countries is being co-ordinated. And I can't imagine that British Intelligence, with its reputation for efficiency, is lagging behind.

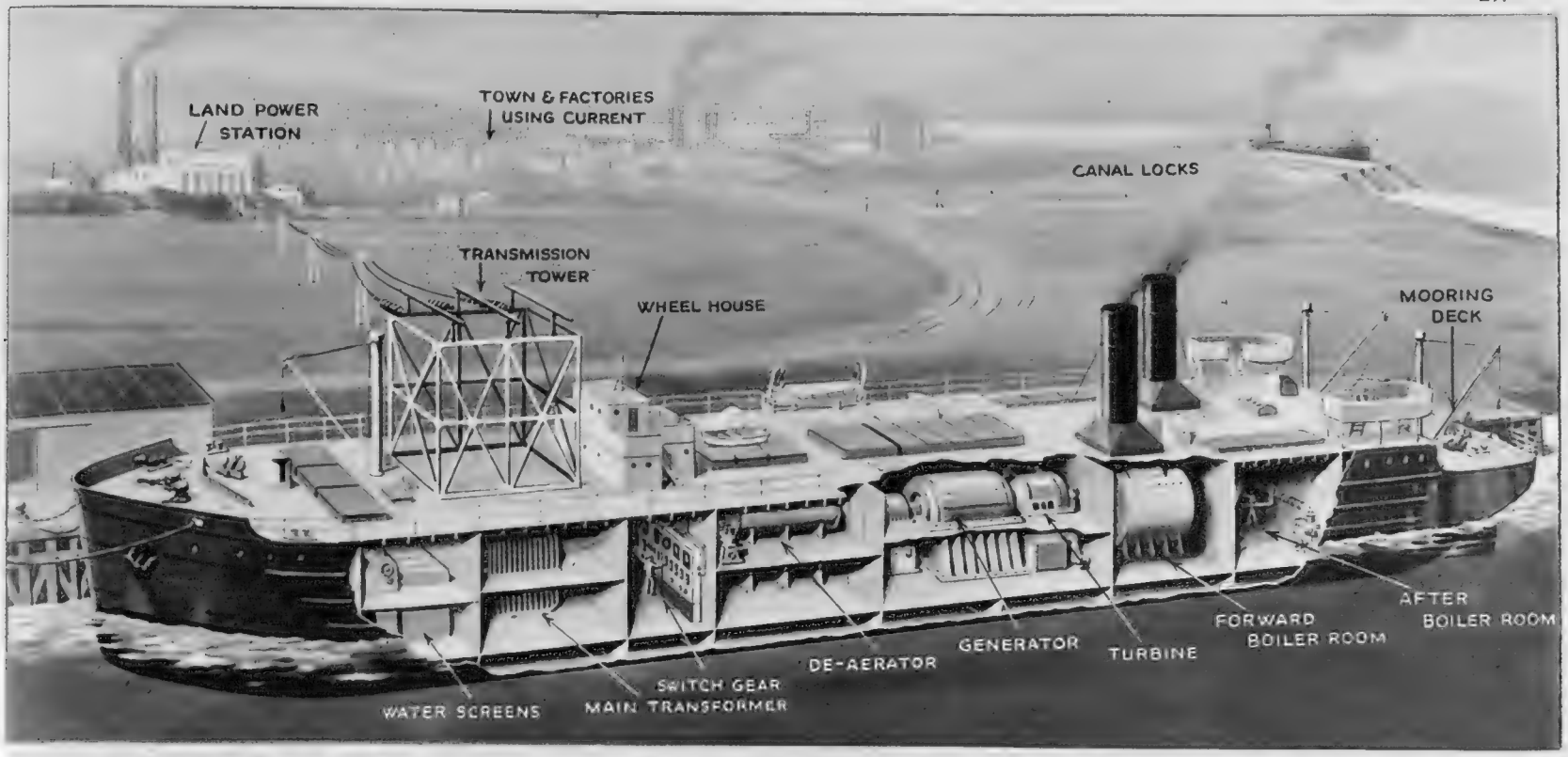
Certainly both Services, American and British, will need to be on the top of their form if they are to penetrate to the other side of "the iron curtain" and pierce the Soviet's secrets of the Urals and beyond. The U.S.S.R. is, without a doubt, the most difficult country to spy in, in the wide world. What a slender hope of assistance from the locals who have been "definitely" discouraged from betraying interest in secrets of the Communist State!

But should the Russians find themselves unable to make a song and dance about the capture of British or American agents (maybe Dissidents or ex-Nazis), we 've already been served with notice of another line of Soviet attack. The alleged U.S. spy set-up in Argentina has issued from Moscow, and it may be that we are on the verge of a unique spy serial as Moscow scans the universe with Oppenheim eye and tears the secrecy from "capitalist" agents at work.

Meanwhile, the spy situation as between the Big Three—how much Britain and America spy on Russia and vice versa, and to what extent Britain and America spy upon each other—meanwhile, this situation makes the Military Staffs Committee of U.N.O. look rather farcical. Any world force which may be projected can only be satisfactorily built on the foundation-stone of linked intelligence services. And, to go a step further, it seems to follow that in the days of the world force, spy cases such as Ottawa's could only come before one court—the World Court at The Hague.



TOMMY WINS THE PIGEON V.C.: Mr. W. Brockbank (left), a Lancashire racing-pigeon owner, with his pigeon Tommy wearing the Dickin Medal presented to the bird in recognition of help rendered to the Allied cause. On the right is Mr. Drygver, a Dutchman, who helped Tommy when in distress, and was invited to Air Ministry Headquarters, London, for the presentation to Tommy and to receive a gift of two pigeons in recognition of his work. The story had its beginning in July 1942, when Tommy was sent by Mr. Brockbank to compete in a race from Christchurch to Dalton-in-Furness. The pigeon failed to return, and was picked up lying exhausted on the roadway in a Dutch town. His rescuer was Mr. Drygver, who looked after Tommy and nursed him back to flying condition. In the meantime, he acquired some information which he considered would be of some importance to the Allies. When Tommy was really fit again, Mr. Drygver attached the information to the bird's leg and launched him forth across the Channel. On the following day Tommy was safe and sound in his home at Dalton-in-Furness, and the authorities were put in possession of the vital information



A WARTIME EXPEDIENT WITH A POSSIBLE PEACETIME APPLICATION : A diagrammatic impression of the floating power station which was used with success in the United States during the war, four of these vessels being constructed for operation on the Great Lakes. Wherever and whenever a power shortage was threatened, these vessels went to the rescue, thus helping cities to maintain industrial production at peak. Engineering circles in America are of the opinion that the system is worth perpetuating in modified form—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THE FLOATING POWER STATION

And Other Inventions of Practical Importance

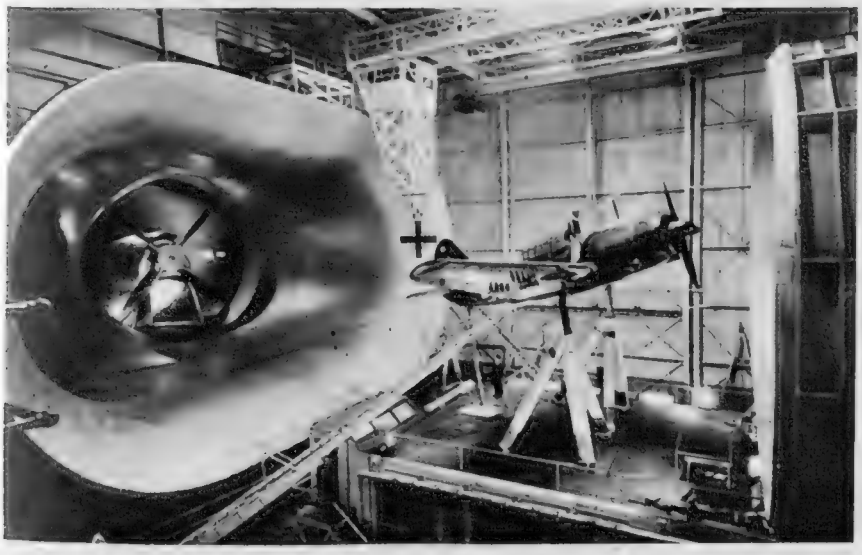
During the war, as the result of a survey by the U.S. War Production Board, it was considered that there was danger of a serious drain on electricity supply in the Ohio, Mississippi and Great Lakes districts of the United States. It was therefore decided to build a number of floating power plants, which could be towed to places where additional current was urgently required.

Four of these ships were built, capable of generating 30,000 kilowatts each. Their design was governed by several important factors. The hull had to be limited to 318 ft. in length, 50 ft. in width and 9 ft. draught, so as to pass through the canal locks into the Great Lakes. Height of deck above the water-line could not be more than 19 ft. because of low bridges. To negotiate these, it was necessary to remove temporarily the transmission tower, funnels, etc. There was no facility for extensive repair or salvage near the areas in which the vessels would have to work, so the hulls were made practically unsinkable by the fitting of numerous watertight bulkheads, and powerful bilge pumps.

The power plant itself consists of a single 30,000 kilowatt turbo-generator receiving steam from two boilers burning oil fuel and fitted with forced-draught fans. 1,500 tons of fuel oil can be carried, mostly in the double-bottom tanks. Forward of the generator room is a de-aerator for boiler-feed water, and forward of that again the switchgear.

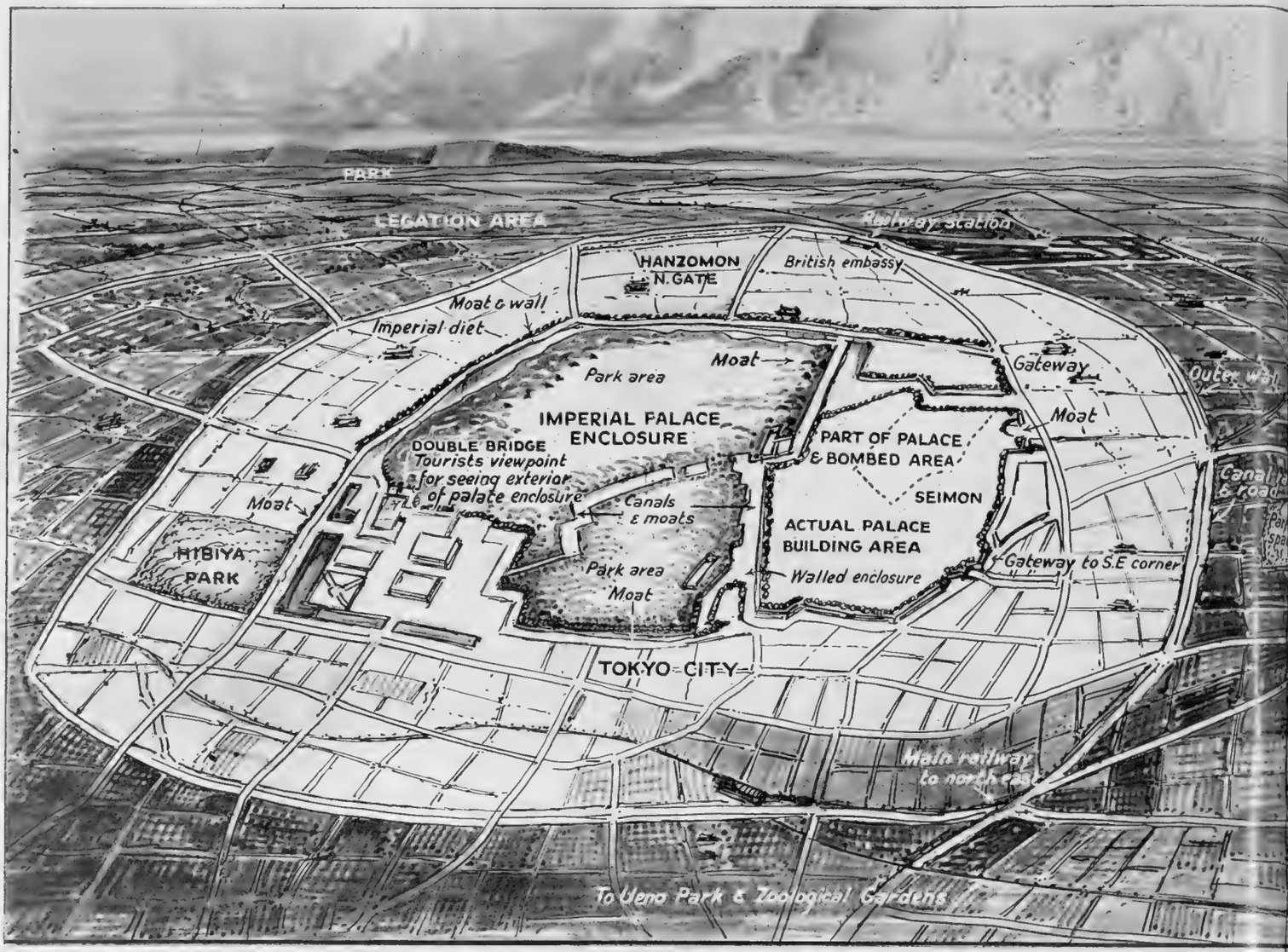
Near the bow the transmission tower stands directly over a compartment containing the main transformer and a machine shop.

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. BEVAN : A machine which can produce a low-cost concrete house in twenty-four hours. It is known as the "Tournalayer," and it is mounted on four 12-ft. pneumatic tyres. The machine merely backs on to the selected site, drops its portable frame over the prepared foundations, and it is then ready for the concrete pouring. When the concrete has had time to set sufficiently, the frame is hoisted and away trundles the "Tournalayer" to its next prepared position. Its designer, Mr. R. G. Le Tourneau, of Peoria, Illinois, is planning to put the machine into production at a factory which is being taken over from the U.S. Government at Longview, Texas



TESTING STRESSES AND STRAINS AT LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA : An American Navy Helldiver plane mounted on struts in preparation for testing in the giant wind-tunnel operated by the Langley Memorial Aeronautical Laboratory. Within the tunnel on the left is the great four-bladed propeller which produces the conditions of flight, and can submit the machine to structural strains which it might be dangerous for a plane to undergo when actually airborne

TESTING WITHOUT TEARS : Men at work in the giant wind-tunnel at Langley Field, Virginia, and in the background the propeller that generates the rapid flow of air, creating conditions similar to those encountered on a high-speed flight. This system of checking the effectiveness of aeronautical design has been in use in Britain, in America, and on the Continent since the 1920's, and it must have been the means of saving the lives of many a test pilot. At Langley Field, model planes can first be tested in a miniature wind-tunnel, and prototypes are then brought for testing on the full-sized model. If they pass the examiners on both occasions, the test pilots may then try their hand with a reasonable degree of safety. When a plane is tested it can be placed on struts at any angle to the wind



THE CITY WITHIN A CITY: WHERE THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN LIVES IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN THE NORTH-WESTERN PART OF TOKYO. Much of this enclosed area was razed to the ground during the Allied raids on the capital, but the main Palace still stands and is occupied by the Emperor and his entourage. The above is the first overhead view of the Imperial enclosure since the American occupation of Tokyo—*Drawing by Percy Hom*

The EMPEROR COMES DOWN to EARTH

Recent Pictures from Japan, Since Hirohito Disclaimed His "Divinity"

When the American troops entered Tokyo in August of last year, it was found that large parts of the capital had been razed to the ground by fire-bombs, and that other parts had suffered from high-explosives. One wing of the Emperor's Palace was also damaged, and a number of flimsy structures in the grounds of the vast enclosure had disappeared; the grounds, however, were found to be generally well kept. The Emperor had, presumably, lived on in his capital through most of the bombing. The above drawing has been made from material which has come to hand since the Allied occupation of Tokyo. The Imperial Palace and its enclosure form a city within a city—much as Buckingham Palace and its grounds are contained within London's West End. When the Emperor emerges from his dwelling he can use one of several bridges spanning the moats which surround the Kojimachi-Ku, or Palace enclosure. This lies in the very heart of old Tokyo, in the north-west portion of the city. It is everywhere guarded by moats and high walls, often constructed of unsquared stones of great size and age. Visitors to the capital are taken up to the Twin, or Double, Bridge to the west of the enclosure. Here they can look into a gateway and see an old white walled guardhouse, or small fort, and a few sentries; they are not allowed to wander into the park itself. On this western side are the Sakashila, Sakura-da and Wadak-ura gateways. The Palace moats vary in size, rising from 20 to 50 ft. in height; some possess a glacis measuring from 50 ft. to 200 ft. Only a few outlines of the Palace bridges can be seen rising above the many trees; most of them are away to the left, on the Kudan-ue position indicated in the above drawing. To the northward, over the surrounding roadway which runs parallel to the moat wall, are a group of Legations, including the Belgian, Swiss and British

HIROHITO AND HIS SON BOTH POSE FOR THE CAMERA: Since the American occupation of Japan the old order has been changing—and with breathless speed. Before the war, photographs of the Emperor were not allowed; to look upon his sacred person was sacrilege. To-day, Hirohito is frequently seen and frequently photographed. He and his son, the Crown Prince Akihito, are here following their usual routine of reading the newspapers after breakfast—but, in this case, the newspaper is the U.S. Army journal *Stars and Stripes* and the photographer was an American

NO LONGER A GOD, the Mikado mingles with his people: Already the Emperor has relinquished his claim to be "divine"; now he is moving freely amongst his people as an ordinary mortal. This picture was taken during a recent tour of heavy industry in the Yokohama area, the purpose of which was "to study the progress of the reconversion of Japanese industry

A VIEW FROM THE AIR OF PART OF THE GROUNDS SURROUNDING THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO: It was in this part of the capital that the Emperor Hirohito was said to have dwelt during the "saturation" bombing of the Japanese capital by American Super-Fortresses. The original castle was erected on this site late in the fifteenth century; the gates, towers and fortifications were of such massive proportions as to constitute "one of the most stupendous works ever undertaken, not excepting even the Pyramids of Egypt." In the year 1873 a great fire destroyed many of the buildings within the Imperial enclosure. Before the war, the gardens and buildings were considered to be amongst the prettiest in Japan

THE EMPEROR, ABANDONING HIS AGE-LONG SECLUSION, NOW SETS OUT ON FOOT TO VISIT SOME OF THE DAMAGED PORTIONS OF TOKYO CITY: In Japanese eyes it has long been considered sacrilege to set eyes on the Emperor, but he is now destroying this conception himself by mingling with his people and actually talking to them—probably to the consternation of his feudalistically-minded court officials! In this view, Hirohito has just emerged from the Palace enclosure, which is still barred to the general populace; to the left is a distant glimpse of the Japanese capital—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

PARIS ATTACKS GENERAL FRANCO: Demonstrators, with placards calling the Spanish Dictator an assassin and others demanding a complete break with Spain, made their appearance in the city immediately after the execution on Franco's orders of Christino Garcia, the Spanish Republican, who served with the French Resistance Movement. At the same time, the French Government closed the Pyrenean frontier to Spain, and General Franco responded by marching troops to the northern areas and similarly sealing-off the border

THE STRONG MAN OF PORTUGAL AT HIS DESK: Dr. Antonio Salazar at work at his home near the Palace of San Bento, Lisbon, where he lives practically alone. He is a most difficult man to photograph, and during his many years of successful office he has consistently avoided the limelight

A FOREIGN SURVEY

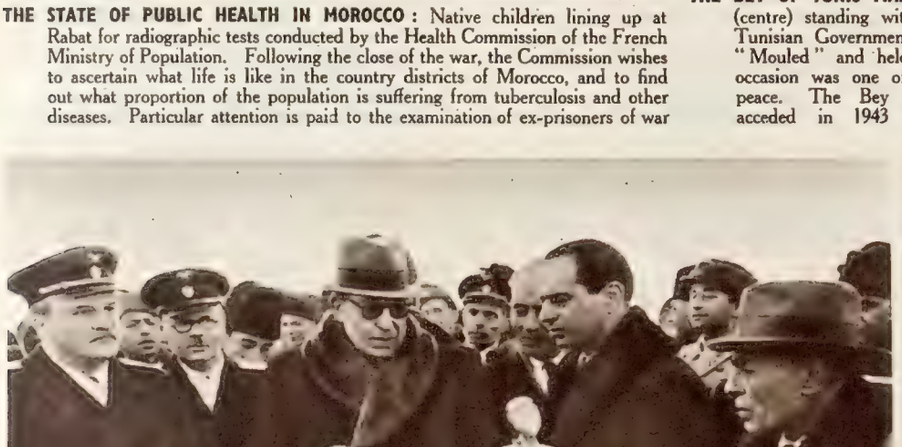
Franco Angers France: The Persian Premier in Moscow: Mission to Indonesia: King Farouk's Gift to Cairo Cathedral

Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Dictator of Portugal, and known as Portugal's "strong man," has been responsible for that country's domestic administration and foreign policy for many years. The son of a Portuguese farmer, he directed the nation's finances in the early stages of the military dictatorship and took over the Premiership in 1933. For several years he also held the portfolios of Finance and Colonies. Dr. Salazar is a staunch Catholic, and his first school-days were spent in a seminary. Later he was one of the leading Professors of Law and Economics in the University of Coimbra.

Dr. Salazar lives in a large, beautifully-decorated mansion that once belonged to one of the wealthier "Brasileiros" (Portuguese who have made their fortunes in Brazil). The house stands next to the Palace of San Bento, where the National Assembly sits. He lives practically alone, aided only by a young girl who acts as doorkeeper, and an elderly woman, Senhora Maria, who is chatelaine and cook.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC HEALTH IN MOROCCO: Native children lining up at Rabat for radiographic tests conducted by the Health Commission of the French Ministry of Population. Following the close of the war, the Commission wishes to ascertain what life is like in the country districts of Morocco, and to find out what proportion of the population is suffering from tuberculosis and other diseases. Particular attention is paid to the examination of ex-prisoners of war

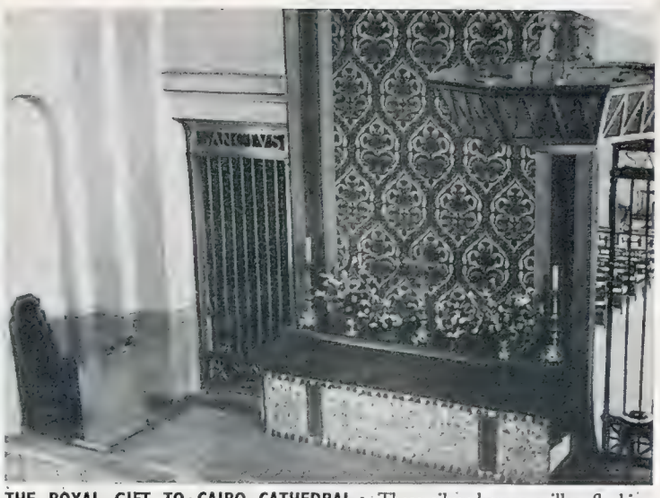
THE BEY OF TUNIS MAKES A STATE APPEARANCE: His Highness Sidi Mohammed al-Amiin (centre) standing with Mr. Gromaud (second from left), the French General Secretary to the Tunisian Government, and officials of his Court during the special celebration known as the "Mouled" and held to mark the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Mohammed. The occasion was one of particular magnificence, as it was the first "Mouled" since victory and peace. The Bey acceded in 1943



MOSCOW GREETS THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Qavam-es-Sultani, wearing dark glasses and an overcoat with fur collar, addressing the microphones on arrival in Moscow to carry on negotiations with the Soviet leaders. On the left stands Mr. Molotov, the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs. Last week the negotiations were reported to be moving swiftly "in normal diplomatic conditions"

FOR SERVICES RENDERED TO THE ALLIED CAUSE: Flight Lieut. J. H. Douglas, D.F.C., of the Royal Air Force, and the Burgomaster of Westmaas, Holland, watching the distribution of cigarettes and tobacco to the people of Westmaas as a gift from the British Government. The gift has been made in recognition of the heroism of eight of the inhabitants who, when a British aircraft landed in the district in 1941, attempted to assist the take-off. They failed in this, but refused to tell the Germans where the British crew was hiding. Five of the patriots were shot

SIR ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR'S MISSION TO INDONESIA : Britain's special envoy is greeted on arrival at Batavia by General Sir Philip Christison and Air Commodore Stevens. In the left foreground is Dr. van Mook, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Netherlands East Indies. Since his arrival Sir Archibald has sought every shade of opinion on the complex Indonesian question. He has been handicapped in his work, however, by a very severe attack of gastric influenza. In spite of this illness, the talks have continued



THE ROYAL GIFT TO CAIRO CATHEDRAL : These silver-bronze grilles, flanking a central screen, have been presented by King Farouk and recently unveiled by the Egyptian Grand Chamberlain at a special ceremony attended by the British Ambassador, Lord Killearn. The grilles have been made entirely by Egyptian craftsmen at the Higher School of Applied Arts, Cairo, and are classically simple in style. The idea of the gift was first made known in 1943, when King Farouk paid a visit to the Cathedral and saw the wooden grilles which were then in use

ANTI-STRIKE DEMONSTRATORS IN THE JAMAICAN STRIKE : Alexander Bustamente, the tall, white-haired negro leader of the Jamaican Labour Party, marching through the streets of Kingston at the head of some of his supporters when he sought to break up the strike in which railwaymen were threatening transport on the island. Firemen and mental hospital attendants were also among the rather ill-assorted callings involved in the dispute. Before the war Bustamente was known as the outstanding Trade Union leader in Jamaica, but as a result of a sweeping victory at the polls a year ago he now holds the position of Minister of Communications in Jamaica's Labour Government. The new Government has been continually hampered by strikes

AN OLD-STAGER KEEPS UP WITH THE TIMES : The eighty-year-old Argentine barque *Tijuca*, her sails billowing in the wind, sails through Table Bay, Cape Town, South Africa, en route to Buenos Aires with seven passengers and 1,000 tons of South African coal. Built in the year 1866 at Nantes, for the French Merchant Marine, the *Tijuca* (924 tons) has a hull of wrought iron, which is said to be as sound to-day as it was when first launched. During the war she was employed in trading between South Africa and South America. In fair weather she is capable of making the voyage, from Cape Town to Buenos Aires, in thirty to thirty-five days. The *Tijuca* has been modernised in many ways, and is radio-equipped

WHERE AMERICAN AND BRITISH WIVES WILL LIVE WHEN THEY GO TO GERMANY : ***On left***—A rear view of the apartment buildings in Bremerhaven which U.S. Army Engineers and German civilians are preparing for the use of the wives of enlisted men when they arrive to take up their quarters in April. The aspect is somewhat dreary and does not compare favourably with the neat cottages (***on right***) which have been selected for British wives of R.A.F. personnel in Berlin. Each of these bungalows will be divided into two self-contained flats, and each flat will have a living-room, a bedroom, a bathroom and an all-electric kitchen. They appear to be of the same type as the dwellings erected by the German Government in many parts of the Reich to house the first families to be bombed out. Later on, of course, the German Government was quite unable to cope with the destruction, and all such building work had to cease. The whole question of wives joining the Armies of Occupation has been complicated from the first by the acute housing shortage prevailing in Germany

The CASTLES of the GOLD COAST

The Portuguese and British Fortresses Around which the Development of Africa Centred in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries

—*Special Sphere Pictures*

BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY IN PORTUGAL AND SHIPPED OUT TO THE GOLD COAST IN SECTIONS—ELMINA CASTLE: This was one of the earliest Portuguese attempts at "prefabrication": each stone was numbered in Portugal and the structure was assembled with dry paints by 100 masons. Its name means the "Castle of the Mines": it was here that the trade in gold first began

THE COURTYARD OF ELMINA CASTLE, AS SEEN FROM THE GOVERNOR'S LODGE: Elmina was also a centre of a flourishing slave trade. As we look at these clean whitewashed walls of the great courtyard, with its fine steps and ironwork, it is difficult to imagine the suffering they have witnessed when, year after year, thousands of captured natives were herded within its walls, waiting for the little boats which were to take them to slavery on the plantations in America

THE FORTRESS OF ELMINA SEEN FROM THE LAGOON: It is said that the slaves, as they were driven into the castle, threw their little gold ornaments into the water as a last offering to their gods that they might be spared

"PREFABRICATION" is a new word for an old idea. The Normans introduced it to England in the eleventh century, when they brought wooden forts over. As long ago as the fifteenth century, the Portuguese shipped a stone castle to the Gold Coast in parts—complete with tower, doors and drawbridge, and each part numbered.

Together with 100 masons to erect it, and a garrison to man and defend it, the castle left Portugal in three ships in 1481. It passed through a long and troubled history; was occupied successively by the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English; and is still standing to-day. To-day the white walls of Elmina bear little impress of the turbulent times they have witnessed.

It derives from Castello da Mina, or the Castle of the Mines. For here began the trade in gold which gave this part of Africa its name; and hereabouts, if legend does not lie, is a treasure amounting to 50,000 ounces of gold, secreted long ago. Elmina became one of the centres of the slave trade. The story of Elmina's glory and decline is contained in three words, each word meaning wealth of a very different sort—gold, slaves, cocoa. The Gold Coast is now a cocoa colony, an enlightened example of modern colonial administration. There are other Gold Coast castles scattered along the edge of the sea. Most of them are silent after the broil and discord which attended their early trading history. For Gold Coast castles were trading forts. The Portuguese were the pioneers of European trade on the Gold Coast. They first traded there for gold and slaves between 1430 and 1440.

SHAMA CASTLE, BOUGHT BY THE BRITISH FROM THE DUTCH IN 1872: A view from the battlements looking over the local market to the church. This ground once served as a slave market outside the castle

SHAMA, AS SEEN FROM THE MARKET-PLACE: Little is known of the early history of this curious fortress. Its main feature is the long tier of semi-circular steps which lead to the post-office in the courtyard. Shama was associated from the earliest times with the gold trade, which first took the traders and adventurers to the West African coast 400 years ago. It first belonged to the Portuguese, in whose possession it remained until the year 1600, when it was captured by the Dutch. The British attacked and ruined Shama in 1664 under Captain Holmes, thus starting the Anglo-Dutch War. Finally, in 1872, England bought it from the Dutch. Its day of glory is now over, but its uses are not yet at an end: its courtyard houses a post-office and looks over the old slave market, now used by local farmers on market day for their produce

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF DANISH FORTS ON THE GOLD COAST, CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE, which is now the British Governor's Residence : Note the carving on the native boats in the foreground. The letters U.A.C. stand for the United Africa Company

KUMASI CASTLE, LATEST OF ALL THE CASTLES, which was built in 1897 : Three years later, in 1900, it was the stronghold of the Governor, Sir Frederick Hodson, and his wife, when they were besieged by the Ashantis, and when the name Kumasi became a household word throughout Britain. The little garrison almost reached starvation-point, and only with difficulty were the beleaguered party able to cut their way to the coast. The fort is now used as a barracks by the local garrison

DIXCOVE VILLAGE CLUSTERS ROUND ITS LITTLE BAY, OR "DICK'S COVE" : It became infamous by manufacturing imitation gold, which was sold to passing ships at a crown in good gold for false gold to the apparent value of £12

THE COURTYARD OF CAPE COAST CASTLE, which was built by the English in 1662 and was the headquarters of Charles II's Company of Royal Adventurers Trading into Africa : It was one of the slaving forts, and the slaves were kept in cellars beneath the courtyard seen in this view

The English made expeditions in the middle of the sixteenth century, and were followed by the Dutch, Swedes and Danes. The Gold Coast finally became British in the nineteenth century, partly by purchase, partly by cession.

The most important castle in the country to-day is Christiansborg, the residence of the Governor of the Gold Coast. The most curious castle, in appearance, is Cape Coast—curious, but certainly not unimpressive. The ancient walls of Cape Coast Castle have been covered with stucco and black wooden beams, and the Old English or Elizabethan effect looks very astonishing from a courtyard filled with brilliant tropical sunshine. Cape Coast Castle was for 200 years the English headquarters on the Gold Coast, and was built in 1662 for "Charles II's Royal Adventurers Trading into Africa," who undertook to supply 3,000 slaves a year to the West Indies.

Dixcove is as English as its name (Dick's Cove). Architecturally it is delightful. Historically it has a shady past, for it was once known as the "Fourth Mint of Guinea." The manufacture of imitation gold, and its disposal for valuable cargoes, was a flourishing business carried on in the fort centuries ago.

TO-DAY THE WHITE WALLS OF ANAMABU GLISTEN BEHIND TROPICAL PALMS, but in 1807 this beach was strewn with the bodies of the dead when the fort was attacked by the fierce Ashanti tribesmen : These castles and fortresses were the centres of British "trade" along the Gold Coast in the days when Africa was being exploited to its utmost by traders and slavers alike. Many of them are still used for Governmental purposes : all are of great historic interest

SINGAPORE and the MALAYAN UNION

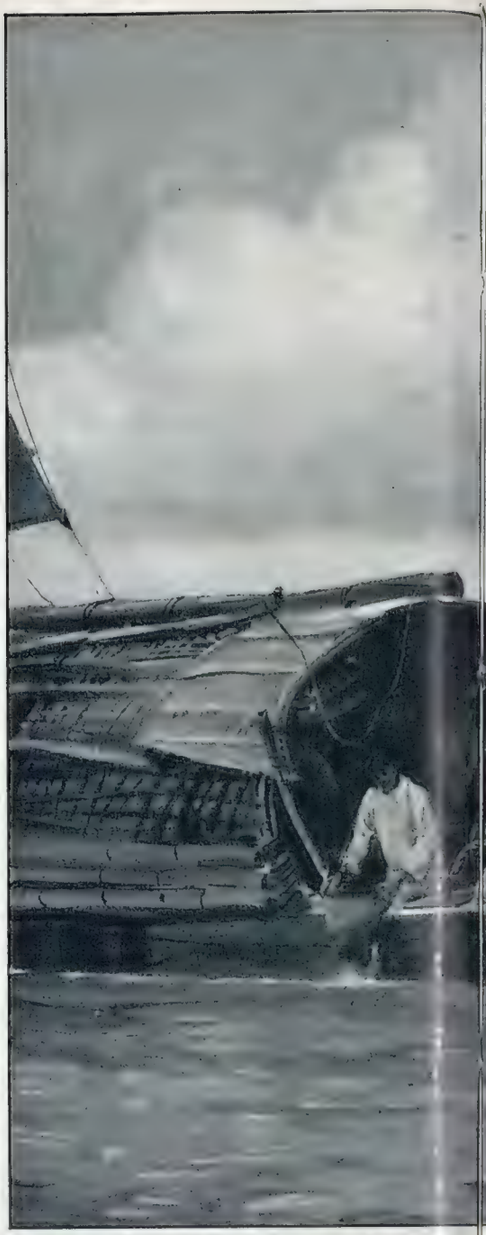
Where Plans are Now Afoot to Create Unity and Wipe Out the Present Discontents

Immense enthusiasm greeted the British liberation of Malaya in 1945; but since then conditions have deteriorated largely as a result of food and transport shortage.

In Singapore the Malayan Communist Party has been active, and in a recent affray with the police one man was shot and nineteen injured.

Meanwhile, the British Government has been active with regard to Malaya, and a White Paper has just been published adumbrating the creation of a Malayan Union, a federation of States which will in due course become a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth. Within this Union a large number of non-Malayan inhabitants would have the rights of citizenship, particularly the Chinese and Indians, who have an important commercial stake in the country.

NOW HE WILL ACHIEVE THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENSHIP: You Te Tong is a Chinese lantern-maker, and one of many thousands of his race living in Singapore and the Malayan Peninsula. He is a skilled craftsman, years of experience being needed to achieve the accurate painting of Chinese characters on the cotton cloth which is stretched tightly over the bamboo frames. Both the Chinese and Indians play an important part in the economic life of Malaya, and it is now proposed in the Government White Paper that they shall be granted a fuller status. During the Japanese occupation of Malaya the Chinese were brutally treated, and they were often condemned to the most menial tasks. To-day many of them are suffering from malnutrition, and essential rice supplies are not forthcoming



Below—**KEEPING A WATCH IN SINGAPORE'S PETTICOAT LANE: R.A.F. police patrols mingling with shoppers in the native bazaar district, where they are always on the look-out for war criminals and other wanted persons still at large following the Japanese capitulation.** Conditions in Singapore are exceedingly unsettled at the present moment, and the growing Malayan Communist Party, which has its headquarters in the city, has clashed more than once with the civilian police. The R.A.F. police work in close harmony with the civilian police, and, while the current lawlessness persists, their duties are inevitably exacting—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SINGAPORE HARBOUR IS ITS OLD SELF AGAIN: The veteran cruiser "Sussex" and the more modern "Royalist" visit the great port on one of their countless missions in Far Eastern waters, and, in the foreground, a Chinese harbour craft provides a colourful contrast. The harbour area of Singapore does not show any great signs of damage, and the visitor at first finds it hard to believe that in the past few years the port has been the scene of so many dramatic happenings—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

CLIPPED WINGS: JAPANESE PILOTS STILL TAKE THE AIR—but now they are under constant Allied supervision. These pilots, who fought against us in the Pacific war, have been brought from prison camps to fly their own naval aircraft in tests organised by the Allied Technical Air Intelligence Unit. In the background is one of their machines, now adorned with the roundels of the R.A.F. After these tests are completed some of the planes will be sent to the Air Ministry in Britain, and further research will be carried out with a view to obtaining every possible secret of Japanese aerial warfare

A LAND WITH A CHEQUERED HISTORY—THE MALAYAN PENINSULA AS IT IS TO-DAY: A sketch-map showing the position of Singapore, which will remain independent of the new Malayan Union proposed in the British Government's White Paper, and of the Malay States, for which the new federal plan has been prepared. The Unfederated Malay States of Perlis, Kedah, Kelantan and Trengganu are situated in the north of the Peninsula. In 1943 Japan handed them to Siam in recognition of her assistance against the Allies. They will now join in the Union with the Federated States of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembalan and Pahang. The first Governor-General of the Union is to be Mr. Malcolm MacDonald

THE BLACK WIDOW AT HOME: AN UNUSUAL STUDY OF A SPIDER WHOSE BITE IS CAPABLE OF INFLICTING GREAT PAIN ON HUMAN BEINGS, AND SOMETIMES the fact that she makes herself a widow by eating her spouse after mating. These pictures, from the famous Bronx Zoo in New York, show how the Black web: the pictures are more than life-size

NEW NATURE STUDIES

The Deadly Black Widow and the Venomous African Cobra

—Close-up photographs just received from New York

A WONDERFUL STUDY OF A CRICKET: An enlarged picture of an insect which is little over half-an-inch in size. This is one of a species which infests kitchens and bakehouses, lurking in chinks near the fireplace: though quite harmless, its incessant chirping makes it a nuisance. In the above picture, the tiny insect is holding a still tinier mirror measuring only 15 by 90 thousandths of an inch. These are made by the General Electric Company to study various types of electrical phenomena. The cricket is a close relative of the grasshopper, which it resembles somewhat in general form

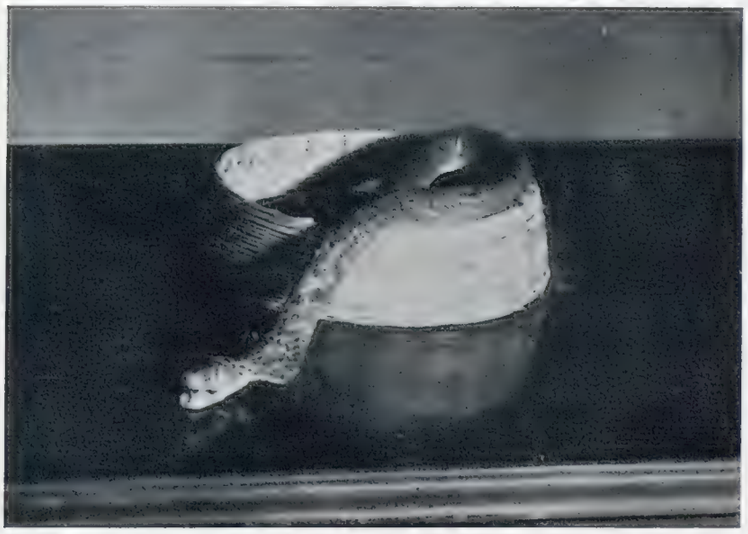
A DEMONSTRATION RECENTLY CARRIED OUT IN NEW YORK TO PROVE hood and how it

Mr. Gordon recently declared that all snakes are deaf, and that Indian fakirs who seemingly charm them with music are actually more faker than fakir. To prove his point, he has just carried out a demonstration with one of a batch of cobras which are the first to come from Africa since the war; they had been on the sea for six weeks and were probably the hungriest cobras in existence. In the first picture above, Mr. Gordon is holding an Indian pipe against his lips, but no sound issues from it. But Mr. Gordon taps his foot and waves

DEATH. She is the female of the species and derives her name from Widow secures and eats her prey, and how she repairs her damaged

The bite of the Black Widow spider is capable of inflicting great pain: the poison she injects into her victims is seldom fatal to humans, although there are authenticated cases where it has proved fatal to children and to adults suffering from anaemia. She gets her name from the cannibalistic practice of devouring her spouse after mating. The Black Widow can be recognised by her black, patent-leather gloss and by the red spot on the underside of her body shaped something like an hour-glass. In the series of pictures reproduced above, the one on the extreme left shows the spider about to tackle a mealworm trapped in her web; the second picture shows how the web is repaired after a victim has partially destroyed it. Both these pictures are approximately twice life-size. The third picture is ten times enlarged, and the last shows an even greater enlargement: both these show the gleaming red spot on the underside of the body, whilst in the last picture the eyes and mouth of the spider may also be seen. All spiders are poisonous, but the bite is not usually severe except in a few tropical forms. In the case of another deadly specimen—the bird-killing spider—the victim is usually dead in a few minutes

CLOSE-UP OF A SUNSPOT: THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST EVER RECORDED. It was photographed at Mount Wilson in California on February 2 through the Observatory's 60-ft. solar telescope. Although appearing like two spots, it is really one—in the sense that each is the pole of a single gigantic magnet. This is the spot that was blamed for widespread interference with radio and wire communications a few weeks ago. These huge disturbances often cover millions of square miles of the sun's surface and last for months: besides being carried round by the sun's rotation, they also have a motion of their own



THAT ALL SNAKES ARE DEAF: Mr. Clyde Gordon, Director of the Zoo at Staten Island, shows how the deadly cobra rears up when excited to expand its strikes at terrific speed. Mr. Gordon has proved that the Indian fakirs do *not* charm the cobras with music

the pipe to and fro: the hungry cobra in response raises its head. In the centre picture the reptile is really angry and in a frenzy of excitement. This picture shows just how the cobra, when excited, expands the skin of its neck into a broad hood by a movement of its ribs. The cobra seldom strikes except in self-defence, but here we see its fangs bared. At the right the cobra was just a trifle slower than the eye. It struck at Mr. Gordon but missed; its neck is still expanded; but it must coil again before another strike. Mr. Gordon proved his point. A fakir using a piece of wood and going through the motions of playing would arouse a cobra in the same manner as Mr. Gordon. It isn't the music! There are some ten species of cobra, of which the best known is probably the black specimen found in India. In length they occasionally exceed 6 ft: the king cobra, however, is sometimes 14 ft. long. Their main food is other snakes, but they also take birds' eggs and small mammals. It is one of the most deadly of all reptiles, and is responsible for a heavy mortality among the native population of India

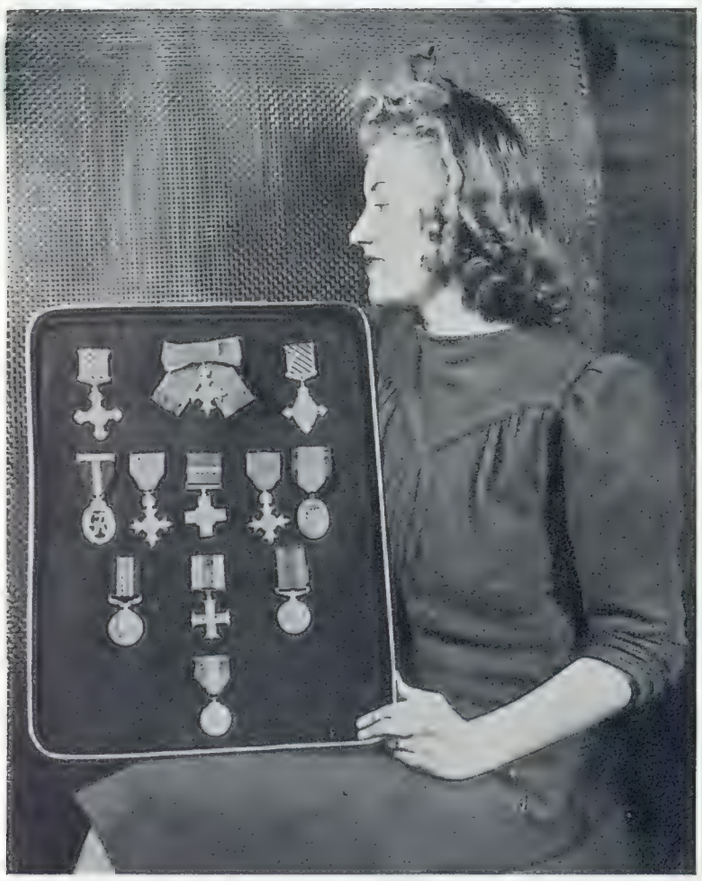
SPRING-CLEANING IN PROGRESS ON THE UNDERGROUND : Distempering the walls at Charing Cross, where the L.P.T.B. have started their campaign to brighten up the stations rendered drab by six years of war. Part of the overhead work is done on a trolley mounted on the lines

"THE BASHER" GETS TO WORK : This converted crane, which manipulates a 2½-ton concrete weight, is engaged in demolishing air-raid shelters in Parliament Square, having just completed a similar task in Green Park. Within a few minutes of it coming into operation, all that remains is a heap of rubble ; and then comes the moment for the bulldozer to join in and remove yet another reminder of the blitz days

On left — Spring-cleaning began at Waterloo and Charing Cross underground stations last week, two gangs of fifteen men being employed during the small hours of each morning to clean the paintwork and carry out redistempering. As more labour becomes available, further gangs will start to work, and it is hoped that Trafalgar Square, Oxford Circus, Bond Street, Strand, St. James's Park, and Victoria will all be completed in quick succession. There are also many minor structural repairs to be effected, as the underground system, which provided refuge for so many people during the blitz, has rather suffered from neglect during the war years. Chief concentration has been on the maintenance of an efficient service

A HOME NEWS SURVEY

Brightening Up London's Underground ; A Swift Way with Air-Raid Shelters ; Medals from the Mint ; Lord Stalbridge and the "National" ; Wimbledon, 1946



THE ROYAL MINT HAS MORE THAN A FULL-TIME JOB : A worker at the Mint displaying some of the medals which are now being struck in preparation for the forthcoming distribution. In the top row are the D.F.C., O.B.E. (with bow for women), and A.F.C. ; in the second row are the T.D., O.B.E. (military), G.C., O.B.E. (Civil), and the Territorial Efficiency Medal. In the third row are the Military Medal, the Military Cross, and the Army General Service Medal, and at the bottom is the Imperial Service Medal. A large staff of silversmiths and other workers is constantly engaged at the Royal Mint in producing these decorations, and each one requires a certain measure of hand-finishing, including drilling, moulding and fretsaw work. Owing to the continuing labour shortage at the Mint quite a number of women are engaged in the task, and they are proving most adept

HAND-FINISHING A MEDAL AT THE ROYAL MINT : A silversmith mounting the King's Medal for Chiefs on a chain ; one of many processes that has to be done by hand during the work of producing decorations, which is now going rapidly ahead in order to ensure a speedy distribution. In addition to the many awards of merit, millions of campaign medals are being struck

A WELCOME INNOVATION IN EAST SUSSEX: The W.V.S. Mobile Clothing Van visiting the village of Mayfield on its round from village to village. By using this service the villagers are able to make constant changes on behalf of their growing children, thus helping to provide for them within the slender limits of the coupon ration. Clothes are never sold in the same village in which they are collected

THE LITTLE SOLDIER AND THE BIG DRUM: Fourteen-year-old Bugler Gill, of the 4th Cadet Battalion, the Queen's Royal Regiment, giving a bugle solo on the occasion of the visit to the Battalion at Coulsdon by Major-General R. E. Urquhart, Director-General of the Army Cadet Force. The General, who commanded at Arnhem, was so impressed by Bugler Gill's smartness that he came forward and shook him by the hand

HE HAS BIG AINTREE HOPES: Lord Stalbridge, the sixty-six-year-old sporting peer and ex-Master of Foxhounds, who has three entries in this year's Grand National, including the much-fancied Red Rower. He is seen in the dining-room of his training establishment at Pounds Farm, near Newbury, where he trains his own horses with the aid of two young members of the Women's Land Army. Above the mantelpiece is a painting of Lord Stalbridge himself presented by hunting friends of the Fernie on his retirement in 1928; while one of the cups on the mantelpiece is the Cheltenham Gold Cup won by Red Rower in 1945. Red Rower is a fast finisher and recently accounted for the French Aintree challenger, Jalgreya, in a hard race at Windsor, getting up to win by a neck. Red April, another of Lord Stalbridge's trio, is entered for the Cheltenham Gold Cup on March 14

EX-GUNNER LEN MANNING WITH HIS NEW CAR WHICH HE IS BUYING FOR SIXPENCE A WEEK: Len, who is a telephone operator at Chobham, recently received a lift from Sir Malcolm McAlpine, head of the well-known engineering firm. Before parting, Sir Malcolm took Len's name and address, and so strongly did he sympathise with Len's transport problem, resulting from war injuries, that he made arrangements for the ex-gunner to purchase this brand-new Hillman at the nominal price of 6d. a week

PREPARING WIMBLEDON'S CENTRE COURT: Removing debris from the famous stand. It was damaged by bombs during the blitz and is now being prepared for the first post-war championships. Wimbledon will be almost its old self again in the summer, and, apart from the absence of the Australians, who are concentrating on the Davis Cup, there will be a very representative international gathering. Charles Hare will be available for the Men's Singles

GOOD-BYE TO "HELLFIRE CORNER": Men of the Royal Artillery removing the liner and breech-block during dismantling operations on one of the front-line guns at Deal, Kent. These guns, which were trained against enemy shipping seeking to sneak through the English Channel, occupy sites which will shortly be turned into flower gardens and promenades. When a gun is dismantled, the barrel has to be hauled out on wooden rollers with the aid of ropes

JOHN CONSTABLE: THE ENGLISH IMPRESSIONIST

A Special Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum Emphasises the Revolutionary Nature of His Art

JOHN CONSTABLE, INTERPRETER OF NATURE IN ALL HER MOODS: Dedham Vale, Suffolk, September 1802. One of the paintings by Constable now being shown in the Victoria and Albert Museum's special exhibition of his works; an exhibition that emphasises the freedom of his touch whenever he had the chance to be independent of the patrons who were critical of his style. This picture belongs to the early period before Constable had fully developed his remarkable technique

In Room 41 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where Londoners, drawn by shrewd publicity and curiosity, recently flocked to gaze in bewilderment on the works of Picasso and Matisse, there is now being held an exhibition infinitely more to the public taste. It is an exhibition of the Museum's rich collection of the works of John Constable, and it constitutes a new tribute to an artist whose fame has mounted steadily in the 109 years since his death. The painter's own ideal was to record the movement of living nature—"the brilliant sparkle of God's own sunlight," as he phrased it—and the four walls of the present exhibition show how very far he went in achieving this ideal.

Most of the pictures have been cleaned, reframed and remounted; the glass has been taken out of the larger oil paintings, and at last they can be properly seen in all their beauty.

In such conditions it is possible to appreciate as hardly ever before the astonishing originality of Constable's art, and to realise how this son of a wealthy miller came to create a revolution in the world of painting.

Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the exhibition is the light it throws upon the difficulties Constable had to combat as a painter working for exacting patrons, who inevitably formalised the freedom of his touch as he sought to interpret the beauties of the Suffolk countryside. Hence we find in Constable's sketches and studies for pictures a much fuller expression of his impressionistic powers, and it is these sketches, such as "The Leaping Horse" and "The Hay Wain," which are attracting such attention at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

CONSTABLE AS A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY-NINE: A self-portrait of the artist, now on view at the Constable Exhibition in Room 41 at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was at this age that he first began experimenting with his atmospheric painting

Another feature of very special interest at the Constable Exhibition is the posting on the walls of broadsheets containing some of Constable's brilliant remarks on his own art, on that of his contemporaries, on that of the Old Masters, and with regard to the imbecility of patrons. To read these in the presence of the pictures is to understand something of that independence of mind which saved Constable at a time when other artists, like Lawrence and Etty, were losing their way.

The unrivalled collection of works by Constable belonging to the Victoria and Albert Museum derives chiefly from the gift made in 1888 by his daughter Isabel, in her own name and on behalf of her sister Maria Louisa and her brother, Lionel Bicknell; the gift comprised ninety-eight oil-paintings, chiefly sketches, 300 drawings and water-colours, and three sketch-books. The Museum already owned six superb paintings by the artist, forming part of the Sheepshanks Gift of 1857.

THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF CONSTABLE'S STYLE: In this study for his picture "The Hay Wain," the scene is alive with the freshness of the morning, and it is possible to appreciate to what a degree Constable succeeded in suggesting the cool, fresh colours of the skies and streams and fields and trees of his beloved Suffolk. It is one of the outstanding pictures in the special Constable Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, having far more inspiration than much of the finished work he achieved for exacting patrons

THE "DEVOTEE OF LIGHT AND AIR" WHO REVOLUTIONISED BRITISH PAINTING: D. Gardner's portrait of John Constable is also included in the present Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Constable was never fully appreciated in England during his lifetime, although his works created a sensation on the Continent; and, as a result, when his remaining pictures came to be sold in 1838, many of them were bought in by his children for small sums. To this very fact is due the wealth of Constable's work now preserved in the Galleries and Museums of England, for his children bequeathed the works to the nation

CONSTABLE'S STUDY FOR "THE LEAPING HORSE": When this sketch was shown at the British Art Exhibition at Burlington House in 1934, it won a new volume of recognition for Constable, whose reputation has been growing steadily. It now graces the Victoria and Albert Museum Exhibition

IN THE HEART OF THE CONSTABLE COUNTRY: Flatford Mill, Suffolk, is to be opened shortly as a study centre by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies, permission to do so having been granted by the National Trust. Geology, botany, zoology and biology will be among the subjects of research. The Council feels that this is a most fitting centre for its activities in view of Constable's role as an interpreter of nature

A DETAIL FROM "THE LEAPING HORSE" SKETCH: Constable's brilliant atmospheric painting was achieved by intense use of heavy masses of white and yellow. By his genius he conveys to the spectator a moment of intense muscular effort as horse and rider surmount an obstacle

THE APPEAL OF CONSTABLE: Crowds thronging Room 41 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where there has been a constant stream of visitors since the Exhibition opened. Many of the pictures have been cleaned, reframed and remounted, and the glass has been taken off the larger oil paintings, enabling them to be seen for the first time. Visitors have come away astonished at the originality of Constable's art

A STUDY OF SHIPPING ON THE ORWELL: An unusual Constable sketch but one that typifies the freedom and vigour of his technique in relation to all out-of-door subjects. It is not difficult to understand from this painting how the French impressionists in their search for light and colour came naturally to Constable. It was his art that led to the wave of impressionism in France at the end of the nineteenth century, and later it returned indirectly to England by way of Manet and Monet. No artist has expressed the spirit of the English scene with more loving comprehension than Constable, but in his day he had to struggle manfully for any degree of recognition from an uncomprehending public

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AS IT APPEALED TO THE MIND OF CONSTABLE: This sketch, which is included in the Constable Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, typifies the impressionistic method which the artist employed when not engaged on a canvas for a patron. So little was his technique understood in his own day, that Constable had constantly to defer to his clients; but so great was his artistry, that he succeeded in imparting to his commissioned works the stamp of genius

THE ART OF JOHN CONSTABLE

Contrasting Pictures at the Victoria and Albert Exhibition of His Works

"Mr. Wells, an admirer of commonplace, called to see my picture and did not like it at all, so I am sure there is something good in it."

With these words John Constable summed up his attitude towards all patrons; and indeed it is this constant problem of having to put up with patrons that curbs the genius of many an artist.

Not so John Constable; for although he compromised in commissioned works, and his finished products were often stiffer than his brilliant impressionistic sketches, nearly all that he did bore the hall-mark of genius.

A visit to the special exhibition of Constable's work at the Victoria and Albert Museum brings out this contrast between Constable's sketches and his larger finished paintings, and it is chiefly on the sketches, it must be said, that the new appreciation of his genius now rests.

In the British Art Exhibition at Burlington House in 1934, Constable's study for "The Leaping Horse" and for "Salisbury Cathedral" aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and they are attracting no less attention at the present exhibition in South Kensington.

Like most painters who achieve a new technique, Constable had to endure for a long while neglect and discouragement. He was born at East Bergholt, Suffolk, on June 11, 1776. He was the fourth child of Golding Constable, a mill owner in easy circumstances. In spite of early evidence of a fondness for sketching and painting, his father destined him for a professional or business career. He did, in fact, spend a year in his father's mill. But, after further hesitation, he became a student in the

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AS CONSTABLE PAINTED IT FOR A PATRON: This picture of the great cathedral, seen through the arching trees and across the meadows, was commissioned by Bishop Fisher as a present for his daughter. Even though the artist had curbed his impressionistic fancies, it did not quite please the Bishop, and Constable painted him another picture with a slight alteration. Constable found his patrons extremely trying, but he could never afford to flout them, as during his lifetime he received only a modicum of public recognition. It was never dreamt that he would come to be regarded as one of the great landscape painters of all time

ONSTABLE AS A PAINTER OF FLOWERS: It is as fresh in vision as any of his landscapes, and is one more expression of his understanding of nature

NOT FOR THE EYES OF HIS PATRONS: This sketch of Dedham Mill is typical of the impressionistic studies made by Constable as a preliminary to more formal and more highly-finished works painted for the benefit of well-to-do clients. It is these sketches which are now commanding such close attention; for in many ways they are as inspired as any of Constable's work, showing him more than ever as the devotee of light and air and the loving interpreter of the English landscape

THE FINISHED ARTICLE FOR SALE: Dedham Mill as Constable painted it for a client. A canvas at the Victoria and Albert Exhibition which contrasts significantly with Constable's freer and perhaps more inspired sketch of the same scene. Constable followed nobody—not even in method. Even his more formal work had the stamp of genius, although few in his day and age recognised the fact. His subjects were humble; no lakes or castles, mountains or temples, and it was scarcely then recognised that the daily beauties of ordinary English scenery were worthy subjects for a great artist and worthy possessions for men of taste

cademy schools in 1800. He then settled in London nd devoted himself uninterruptedly to the slow aturing of his art. Constable's reflective childhood in he open air had imbued him with a profound joy in ature, and in particular in the scenery of the Stour alley, where he was born. "There is room enough," e wrote in 1802, "for a natural painter," and the sk he set himself was to fill that gap, and to bring ndscape painting to a new perfection.

In 1811 Constable fell in love with Maria Bicknell, ut her parents were opposed to the marriage of their aughter, who had financial expectations, to a painter ho was not making much headway. The lovers aited five years. The marriage was completely happy, but Mrs. Constable was never strong, and when she died of consumption in 1828 Constable wrote, "I cannot recover my lost happiness."

For many years he had been battling, at first with good hopes of success, but latterly with resigned pessimism, for the public recognition in England that he knew he deserved. When the title of R.A. was somewhat grudgingly bestowed upon him in 1829, less than three months after his wife's death, he felt that it had come too late. Constable died suddenly on April 1, 1837, at the age of sixty-one. His seven children all survived him.

NEW RECRUITS FOR THE BRITISH ARMY

Three Thousand a Fortnight is the New Intake for the Post-war Army for Home and Overseas

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH all the riots in Bombay, Cairo and the Dutch East Indies, the quality and quantity of Army recruits to-day is a matter of peculiar interest. Against the background of speedier demobilisation and the uncertainty of the period with the Colours that conscripts will be expected to serve, the following vital statistics are available.

Every fortnight 3,000 recruits are joining the Army. Of these, 150 are volunteers and a certain proportion are men between the ages of twenty and thirty who were reserved during the war.

In the middle of a blinding snowstorm, I visited the Infantry Training Centre at Maidstone last week to have a look at the young entry and to see what changes, if any, have occurred in their training since I last visited one of these establishments nearly three years ago.

Now, as then, the basic training lasts six weeks. This is followed by ten weeks' Corps training (in this case infantry training). Then comes continuation training, which may be anything from two to six weeks. After that the men are drafted overseas, having had fourteen days' embarkation leave.

Since VJ-Day much of the advanced poison-gas training has been abandoned. Recruits still go through the gas chamber, but they are not taught decontamination drill. Anti-aircraft small-arms drill has also been abolished. Thompson sub-machine guns are no longer Army weapons.

Much more attention is paid to training through the medium of instructional films, and the average recruit, during his twenty weeks' training, sees as many as fifty films. Many of these are medical in character, dealing with anything from the care of teeth to anti-malaria precautions. Our old friend *Next of Kin* has been honourably retired, but *The Way Ahead* and *The True Glory* have taken its place. Shorts showing Russian troops in action on the Eastern Front are also shown.

This instruction by means of films is all the more useful to-day because a painfully high proportion of the new recruits to the Army are semi-illiterate. For the latest intakes now include a considerable proportion of children who were between the ages of eleven and twelve at the outbreak of war. Many of them were evacuated to the wilds of Wales, where the local Welsh schoolteachers found it difficult to discipline them. Others stayed behind in a London where schooling practically ceased. The result is that the visiting psychiatrist has to interview over a dozen youths per hundred, simply because of their low standard of education. Only last week the Commanding Officer at Maidstone was compelled to grant compassionate leave for a recruit to see his mother, because he was literally incapable of writing a letter to her. Incidentally, he overstayed his leave. Presumably he could not read the name of the railway station!

A sergeant-instructor with many years' service, when discussing this with me, said that in his opinion the pre-war elementary education periods in reading, writing and arithmetic ought to be re-introduced. This was borne out by one of the recruits from a distinguished public school, who told me that his next-door neighbour was incapable of adding two and two.

This boy, who holds Certificate "A," and obviously has officer-like qualities, said that his first reactions to Army life were the extraordinary amount of swearing and the geniality of the sergeants. To my surprise he had not noticed the pleasant increase of Army rations over civilian rations. Perhaps, however, this was due to his increased appetite.

In reply to further questions, he said that the chief feeling of the eighteen-year-olds towards the men of twenty-five or thirty was sympathy and pity rather than anything else. Most of these men had been earning good money as tool-makers and even process-chasers. According to one of the Personnel Selection Officers with whom I discussed them, they seem quite philosophic, and when questioned as to their military career always state that they would like to follow their trade. As far as is possible, of course, this is done, but it is pointed out to them that if the Army did nothing but make tools, the civilians would have to do the fighting. Meanwhile, it is good to learn that only a negligible number of recruits feel that military training is pointless since the arrival of the atomic bomb, and even they are beginning to realise that the various riots abroad can only be handled by the infantry and not by scientists. All of them are anxious to go overseas as soon as possible.

But to continue with their training schedule. During the recruit stage they are allowed leave at alternate week-ends—from midday Saturday to Sunday evening. After the first six weeks they are then given Corps training, having in a good percentage of cases gone to the arm of the Service for which they have showed a preference when interviewed by the P.S.O. In this connection, it is to be hoped that the War Office will now deal more kindly with the infantry than early in the war, when there was a tendency for those recruits who showed no particular aptitude to be drafted into Line regiments. The world situation to-day makes it more and more evident that it is the P.B.I. on whom the dirty work always falls.

It is also to be hoped that "territorial claims" will be honoured more in peacetime postings than in the past.

During his ten weeks' Corps training as an infantryman, the recruit is initiated into the mysteries of the Sten, 2-in. mortar, Piat, 69 and 77 grenades, and in the near future he will also be taught the 70, the metal version of the bakelite 69 which was used with such success in the Far East.

During his six weeks' basic training he learns his rifle, bayonet, 36 Mills grenade and Bren gun.

Battle conditions as experienced in S.E.A.C. have made it necessary to teach several new aspects of warfare. During Corps training and continuation training, the recruit is given close-country training, bivouac training, and is also taught watermanship. This is sub-divided into assault boating and tuition in ground-sheet floats.

Assault boating involves paddling assault-boats and getting in and out of them rapidly. Training in ground-sheet floats involves the recruit putting his kit into a ground-sheet, wrapping it up so that it is watertight, and then pushing it in front of him as he crosses a river or a lake.

Special attention is given to map-reading and compass work, and individual initiative is encouraged more than ever. Personal concealment and concealment of field works are taught during Corps training, but aircraft recognition is no longer studied.

A new period, "Know Your Allies," teaches the recruits about the troops of the Commonwealth and all the Allies, though not much is known about the Russians.

Training in the Sten rifle and L.M.G. calls for much more shooting from the hip than in getting down on the ground and firing.

Many of the instructors have seen service in the Far East, though it is a pity that inevitably some of them wear no campaign ribbons at all.

At present the most acute demand from the War Office is for the Corps of Military Police, the Army Catering Corps and the Intelligence Corps. The next priorities are for Army fire-fighters, mental nursing orderlies, postal workers and cipher operators. Bookbinders and shorthand typists are also in short supply.

One can presume that, in the near future, the Army will undertake a recruiting campaign to secure youngsters who want to make the Army a career. But already the recruit receives 3s. a day, and on July 1 this will be raised to 4s. a day—only 1s. less than a Second Lieutenant in 1914. Quite a number of recruits say that they will stay on in the Army "if they like the life." This particularly applies to those who are recommended as potential officers to the War Office Selection Boards.

The real unfortunates are, ironically enough, the volunteers. A recent enactment, following questions in the House of Commons, laid it down that no young soldier should be allowed to go overseas before the age of 18½, even if he volunteered to do so. This means that youths who have completed their basic, Corps and continuation training, may have to kick their heels in barracks for as much as five months before going abroad. No wonder that some of them become browned off.

According to one of the sergeants whom I interviewed, the physical standard of the recruits has deteriorated during the last three intakes. I must say, however, that the youngsters I saw looked rosy-cheeked and well set up, although they had been on Army rations for less than two months. There is no doubt that their interest in Army life is considerable, and they are all as keen as mustard to become fully-fledged soldiers and go overseas. In this connection it is interesting that, until recently, three-quarters of them were being sent to the Far East and one-quarter to the Middle East, whereas now the latest drafts have gone—anyway, from this particular infantry training centre—to B.A.O.R. That, of course, may be purely a local coincidence caused by the location of the individual battalions of the Queen's and the Royal West Kents, for which Maidstone is the training depot.

SOLDIERS OF THE POST-WAR ARMY: Newly-trained troops leave for the British Army of the Rhine to take the place of some of the old hands who are now being demobilised. The keenness of some of these young men is remarkable, and the majority look forward to their soldiering overseas

FROM INDIA TO TRAIN IN ENGLAND: Captain Mohd. Afzal Khan, of Probyn's Horse, represents India Command on the advanced gunnery course at the Armoured Fighting Vehicles School, Lulworth. At the end of the five months' course he will resume his work in India as an Instructor of Gunnery, helping to keep the modern Indian Army in line with the standards of the West

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH AWAIT A SUPREME MOMENT : The new Cardinals have already paid homage to the Pope, enthroned in St. Peter's, and now they stand waiting before prostrating themselves in prayer at the altar of Cattedra. Each Cardinal has an attendant to support his long train

SEATED WITHIN THE HALL OF BENEDICTIONS : Some of the new Cardinals at the semi-Public Consistory at which their birettas were presented to them. In the background are members of the Roman patriciate, members of the Diplomatic Corps and other distinguished visitors. Two Papal Guards are seen on duty, armed with pikes

POPE PIUS MINGLES WITH HIS NEW CARDINALS : His Holiness, wearing a white skull-cap and an ermine-fringed gown, in conversation with Cardinal Glennon, of St. Louis. Behind Cardinal Glennon is Cardinal Von Galen, the heroic Archbishop of Munster, who so consistently defied the Nazis

WELCOMING A GREAT AMERICAN CHURCHMAN : Pope Pius with Cardinal Spellman, of New York, at an audience prior to the Public Consistory. Members of the United States forces are seen in the background

POPE PIUS XII AND HIS NEW CARDINALS

The creation of thirty-two new Cardinals at the same time, an event without precedent in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, and one that places the governance of the Church on a much more international basis, was the occasion for scenes of impressive ceremonial at the Vatican Palace and in St. Peter's. At every opportunity Pope Pius mingled freely among his new Cardinals, and, as one eye-witness described the Consistory in the Hall of Benedictions, "It had all the appearance of a joyful meeting of friends after a long separation."

THE POPE TALKS WITH CARDINAL BERNARD GRIFFIN, the Archbishop of Westminster, who has become the youngest member of the Sacred College. A scene in the Hall of Benedictions after the presentation of birettas

THE DEAN OF THE SACRED COLLEGE EXPOUNDS TO HIS FELLOW-CARDINALS : Cardinal Pignatelli di Belmonte, a distinguished and venerable figure, in session with new and old members of the College. Facing the camera on the right, and robed differently from the rest, is Cardinal Agagianian, the Armenian Patriarch. Next to him is Cardinal Joseph Glennon, of St. Louis. Cardinal Agagianian acted as spokesman for the new Cardinals, being the senior prelate to be admitted to the Sacred College

THE POPE SITS ENTHRONED IN ST. PETER'S : His Holiness hears the black-robed advocates of the Vatican pleading the first of four causes for canonisation. They address the throne in Latin. This was only one of many moments of splendour during the week of papal pageantry, which included one Public and one semi-Public Consistory

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BRIEF ENCOUNTER AT SEA

And an Anti-Climax Ashore: Mr. William McFee's Readable New Novel has an Over-Neat Ending

IF you don't feel let down by the over-neat ending of Mr. William McFee's new novel—and you will have read 379 full-sized pages before you come to it—you will find it the best and certainly the most entertaining that he has yet produced. **SHIP TO SHORE** (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is the story of an English captain commanding a luxury liner employed, in the years between the wars, on long-range cruises. At the beginning of a Mediterranean cruise from the home port of New York, Captain Sylvester was already well known to newspaper readers as the sailor whose ship had made a sensational rescue in a storm at sea, and had later picked up two famous fliers in the early days of transatlantic aviation.

He had been photographed, drawn, publicised and generally ballyhooed to his considerable embarrassment, and was looking forward to putting to sea and occupying himself with the real work of his profession. His wife, who lived near Liverpool, was a dim, conventional figure to whose prim letters he was in the habit of responding with others equally uninspired. He saw her only at intervals during the years, and with both of them convention had replaced affection.

One of the passengers in this new cruise was an intelligent and attractive Jewish girl, used to assuring her own independence and astute enough to know that her lack of education was compensated by her frank friendliness. Rosita and the Captain meet, and in Naples on a shore visit discover how much in love they are, and know that theirs is not a passing shipboard flirtation. They live together in New York, and Rosita bears the captain's child.

His wife refuses to divorce him even after they have a second child, and after some years announces that she is coming out to New York and that she hopes his infatuation has passed. The climax of the book is too dramatic to spoil by reference here; you must read it for yourself, and if I criticise the ending of the story, it is because its orderly arrangement of circumstances comes as a sad anti-climax.

Another criticism might be that Mr. McFee will never use one word where ten will do, but that apart, this is a book to recommend.

Miss Barbara Bentley has written a melancholy American novel, **HEDGE AGAINST THE SUN** (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), about a mother and daughter and the ossifying effect they have on their respective husbands. If it had been intended as a study of feminine character, it would have been depressing if consistent; but if, on the other hand, it has been designed, as seems more likely, for a forceful novel, the result is interesting but unsuccessful.

Not that this precludes a certain merit in the book, for it is capably written and might very well appeal to those readers for whom a woman's ego-centricity is a rewarding study. The trouble is that the story's pattern is so sharply repetitive that it is apt to disappoint the reader, hoping for developments of the theme.

THE LURKING SHADOW (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is a new treatment of a classic theme: Jekyll and Hyde played out in terms of a young boy. Mr. John Remenham deserves our congratulations on a very effective piece of work, for his novel contains all the ingredients for a good romantic thriller. As a little boy Arthur appears to have all the virtues, and his upbringing in the '80's by his Aunt Caroline and his uncle, the Archdeacon, in a large house near the South Coast seems idyllic. For although the boy is an orphan, his relations and the young governess they engage for his care are all devoted to him, and their family life together is singularly peaceful. While he is still very young, however, a startling and unhappy little incident proves to the governess that Arthur has in some way a double personality, and that he is occasionally, as it were, "possessed" by another character who calls himself Edmund and who is capable of acts of cruelty and physical violence.

The Edmund half of his being seems as crafty as he is vicious, and manages to cover up a series of shocking crimes which he commits in the neighbourhood. In this deception he is tacitly helped by his aunt and his governess, who convince themselves that it is worth saving the Arthur they love at any cost. When Arthur begins to realise the extent of depravity to which his second self descends he is frantic, but his family assure him that they will defend him and help him to prevent a recurrence.

Their ethics are a little difficult to understand, and give the book an added horror, but there is no doubt that the story is well told and that it is good enough to start a chill down the most stolid back.

MAKING HISTORY ON THE CAM: Twenty-three-year-old Connie Grayson, a sergeant in the United States forces and a native of Oklahoma, helping to lower her boat into the water before a practice spin with the all-American crew, drawn from soldiers in the U.S. Army, with whom she competed last week in the Lent Bumping Races at Cambridge. Connie's weight of 7 st. 8 lb. qualified her for the position of cox, all the male candidates being too heavy

Mr. Lau Shaw is a contemporary Chinese writer of great popularity in his own country, and **RICKSHAW BOY** (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is the first of his novels to be published in this country. It has been ably translated from the original by Mr. Evan King, and is a moving story, brilliantly told: the tale of a coolie's desperate and unending struggle to make a living in Peking against the most terrible odds. Happy Boy is immensely strong physically, undaunted by the bitterest toil, and loyal and honest to a degree. He is a country boy who comes to Peking to work and finds that his tiny ambitions remain unfulfilled, and that time and again he is reduced to abject poverty.

The trouble is that social conditions, which were unimaginable to him, far outweigh even his sterling qualities, and that his spirit seems no match for the harshness of the world in which he must live. In the end he escapes from the city to the country, taking with him the girl he loves, whose life has been even more dreadful than his own. This is the first step he has ever taken to shape his own life according to his will, and although he and the girl are left with no tangible assets but the bare spark of life and a love of freedom, the story closes on that note of hope.

This book seems yet another proof that, competently translated, Chinese fiction, as Chinese philosophy, has an immediate appeal to English-speaking people. There seems to be a flavour about it that suits our literary palate.

From Patagonia to Kenya moves the story-telling talent of Mr. Peter de Polnay, whose uneven work, sometimes immensely effective, sometimes only pretentious, has resulted in two good books and a handful of minor ones. **THE UMBRELLA THORN** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) has a background of cattle farmers and settlers on the highlands of Kenya, where they work out their small destinies in a strange and beautiful country whose charm and whose physical obstacles are clearly suggested by the writer.

Miles is a young farmer of great charm and no business ability, and when he dies very suddenly one morning in the club bar he leaves his lovely wife, Gloria, and her day-old son an inheritance of a run-down farm and overwhelming debts. The baby's godfather is McKenna, a neighbouring farmer, but of a very different type. McKenna is a rich and not more than ordinarily articulate Scot, who manages his estate and his cattle with great efficiency, and who, with equal resourcefulness, undertakes the responsibility of Gloria and her child. He listens with amusement to the gibes of his friends, but finally accepts one piece of their advice and marries the girl, as the easiest way of simplifying her life.

Gloria, I think, is the best-drawn character in all this, with her shallow, school-girlish codes of what is loyalty and what deception, and her transparent stratagems. McKenna, who is a little too good to be true and consequently something of a bore, is less credible, and his married life difficult to accept, or perhaps I mean to read about with interest. It is a disappointment, too, to find a story-book ending tacked on to an adult novel.

THE RESTAURANT WHERE EATING COMES SECOND: A lunch-time scene at The Gambit, Budge Row, a restaurant in the heart of the City of London which caters specially for chess players. Three rows of tables stretch from one end of the room to the other, and while the players absent-mindedly sip their coffee and swallow their meals, they concentrate on the next vital move. Nearly all the players are regulars, and there is never a lack of partners. The standard is high, and woe betide the visitor who underrates his opponent with an over-bold version of the Queen's pawn opening or neglects defence in the interests of attack

Dr. Edward Langton has written what must surely be the most curious book of the week or of the month. **SATAN: A PORTRAIT** (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.) is a scholarly survey of Satan's influence in the affairs of man and a study of the beliefs of the past. The writer's aim has been "to trace the idea of Satan from its source onwards, and to note its connection with many bygone modes of thought, some of them the strangest vagaries that ever found a hospitable home in the minds of men." The book is illustrated with reproductions of some of the artist's conceptions of Satan in the past centuries.

A CHRONICLE OF THE WAR

The 1946 edition of *Whitaker's Almanack* has just made its appearance, and this year this invaluable reference book, which is indeed a reference library in itself, has a greater importance than ever to the man of affairs and the business man, so multitudinous have been the changes following on the close of the war.

The *Almanack* contains a chronicle of the war from the invasion of Poland to the unconditional surrender of Japan; while political changes that have taken place in foreign countries during the past twelve months are all faithfully recorded.

The results of the General Election in Britain are fully tabulated, sections being devoted to the new Ministry and to the newly-elected House of Commons.

The usual three editions of *Whitaker's* are published for 1946. The complete cloth-bound edition is priced at 12s. 6d. and has 1,088 pages.

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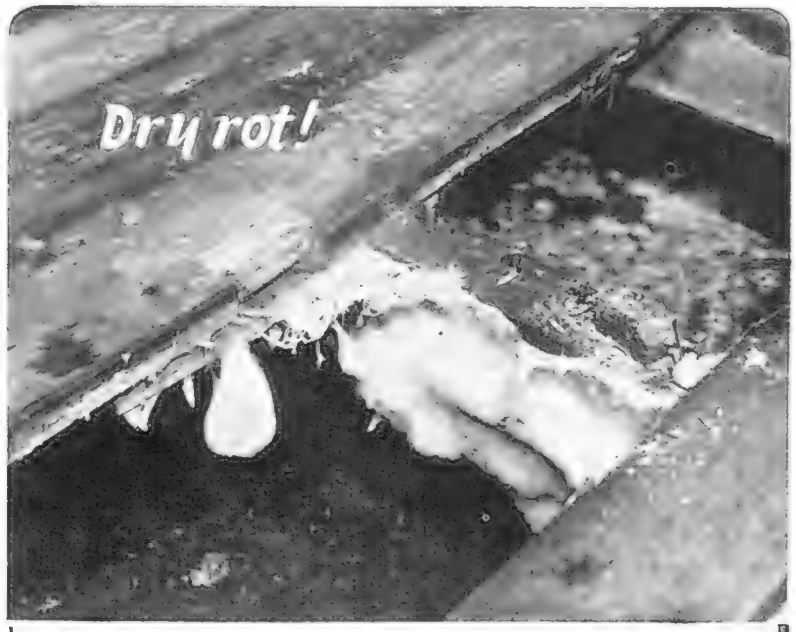

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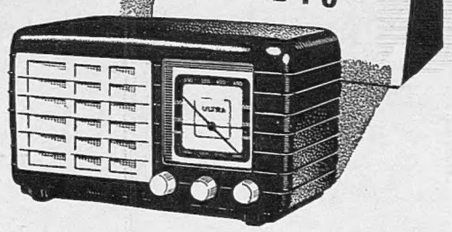

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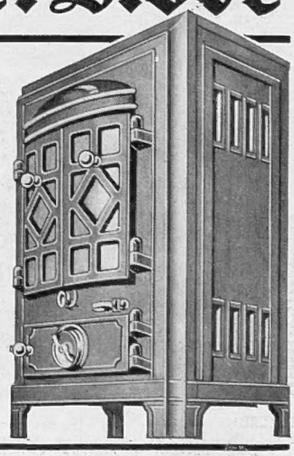

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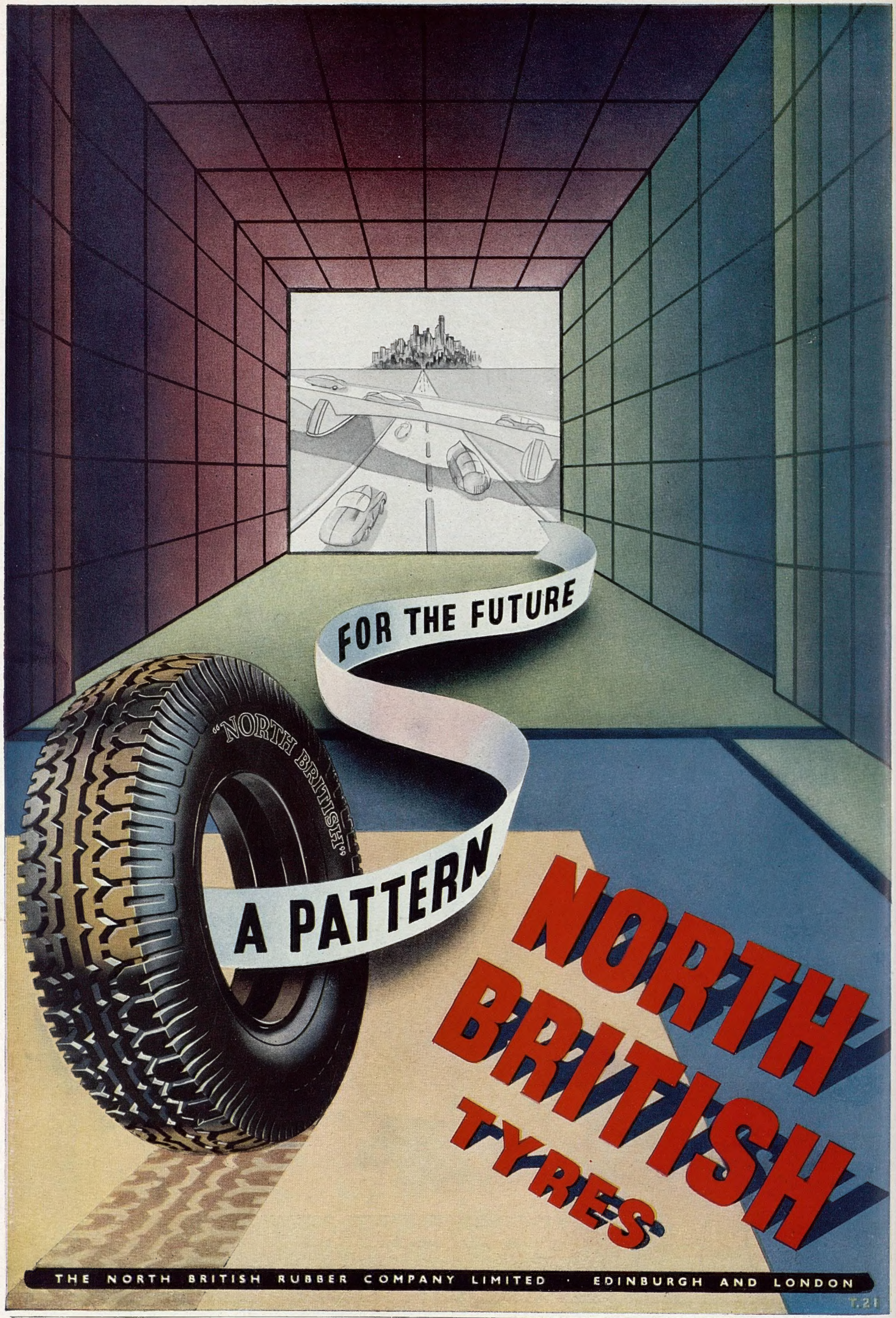

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